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Vol. 60, No. 5 February 4, 1966

LIFE

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February 4, 1966 Volume 60, Number 5

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EDITORS' NOTE

A Theater Call—a Show in Itself

Whenever we do a story on a Broadway show, we put on what is known as a theater call. We schedule it on stage right after the evening performance—the actors are still in makeup and costume then, and the stagehands are around to move scenery. The call, in itself, is quite a production. It takes three or four hours, as the cast goes through the scenes, actors rushing back and forth to quick-change costumes. Coffee and sandwiches are brought in and everybody feels wrung out but good-humored. Once, however, a peevish star who thought he was being ignored threw a chair at a pretty LIFE reporter. It missed. Next day he sent her a dozen roses in apology.

LAURA BELL

To cover the musical *Skyscraper* for this issue, we followed our usual routine. An editor, reporter and photographer saw the show, then decided what pictures they wanted. Photographer Ralph Morse, who is used to the complex technical problems of shooting the astronauts, wanted to rip up some of the costly stage machinery to get the composite picture shown on pages 90–91. Co-producer Cy Feuer was alarmed at first but became fascinated by the project. Leading Dancer Suzanne France volunteered to swing on a girder, an act which had been cut out of the show because it was too dangerous. Altogether, 89 people from *Skyscraper*, including 40 stagehands and a pianist, worked until 3 a.m. to achieve this picture.

We've done, all told, more than 500 theater calls. Not all of them go smoothly. LIFE sometimes tangles with nervous producers who feel it will ruin their production if we show a certain scene and thus spoil its surprise value. The producers of *Guys and Dolls* refused to let photographer Gjon Mili shoot a funny number in which a row of mink-coated dolls fling off their furs and prance around in their scanties. Mili got mad and stalked out of the theater.

A reporter often stands in for a star while the photographer works out lights and angles. Our theater reporter, Laura Bell (*above*), has stood in for everybody from Carol Channing to Zero Mostel to Richard Burton, who said she was "the prettiest damned stand-in" he'd ever had.

Rounding up top stars for a cover picture, as LIFE did for this week's TV story, *The Strollin' Twenties* (*pp. 70–78*), is an exacting job. We did it back in 1951 with Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell, expecting these grand ladies to be temperamental. Instead, when they met in Philippe Halsman's studio, they were easy and relaxed, spent most of the time swapping recipes. For our cover this time, we invited our stars again to Halsman's studio, after Sammy Davis got out of his Broadway show, *Golden Boy*. It was a rush job, because Harry Belafonte was hurrying off to Africa, Sidney Poitier to Hollywood. The only trouble was that all three broke each other up telling uproarious stories. Halsman had a hard time getting them to hold still, and a good deal of their hilarity still shines through.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT, *Managing Editor*

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Uhuru Turns Sour in Africa

The coup which wiped out the civilian administration in Nigeria and caused the slaughter of one of the best (and some of the worst) of its leaders is by far the most important of all the recent breakdowns of government in Africa. During the past two years eight countries have undergone coups, some more than once, five in the last three months alone.

Nigeria is the saddest case because it seemed to represent something rare and hopeful among the 30 new nations created south of the Sahara since 1956. It was the biggest, with 55 million people—a fifth of Africa's total population. It was a federation that hung together and a force for reason and stability in the continent. Relatively rich and economically diversified, with a sound civil service and plenty of foreign aid (it was among the seven principal recipients of U.S. development aid), Nigeria had a lot going for it.

But takeover there resulted, however, from the same sort of corruption, tribalism and regionalism that has flourished increasingly in the new countries in the years since colonial rule ended. The new military regime has restored some stability in Nigeria, but the lesson for Africa is clear: independence is no guarantee against injustice, tyranny and chaos.

Of course it doesn't have to turn out this way. To set against the descent into dictatorship and military control there are the happier examples of Kenyatta's Kenya, Houphouet-Boigny's Ivory Coast and Nyerere's Tanzania.

Early and lately, however, the U.S. now seems to have been wrong in assuming, when it pressed for an early dissolution of the colonial empires after World War II, that democracy would be the natural substitute for white rule. "Ready-or-not" independence suited our anticolonial attitude and also our fear that Africa would go Communist unless its people got the "uhuru" they demanded. This did not happen, but we might have done better to fear other things. Little as we like the white supremacy policies of the Rhodesians and the South Africans, we can expect to hear from them now that the bad news from the rest of the continent seems to confirm their stand.

While allowances must be made for problems facing the new nations—their lack of capital, education and resources—some of the recent political failures might have been avoided by African leaders paying more serious attention to their home fronts. It is unfortunately typical that Nigerian Prime Minister Balewa's last major act, before being executed by the rebels, was to preside over a Commonwealth meeting in Lagos to consider Britain's role in dealing with Rhodesia. In the meantime, only a few miles from where the meeting was going on, Nigerians were rioting and killing each other.

Although they have less than one third the population of India, the new African states together cast one fourth of all the votes in the U.N. Assembly. No one would deny that membership in the U.N. has done a great deal to train African diplomats in the form—and sometimes the content—of parliamentary practice. There is something offensive, nonetheless, in hearing elegant pronouncements about the lack of human rights in South Africa from the delegate of a nation where a human right, if it started acting up in the street, would be incarcerated forthwith. The African politician would usually rather talk heatedly about liberating Angola, for instance, than about collective efforts to guarantee foreign investments, to sponsor public health programs or to rectify inherited boundaries that contradict geographic and tribal realities.

Yet these are the real challenges. Foreign powers may help with capital, with technical aid, with teachers, as we have done and will continue to do. But the basic burden of providing order and justice must fall on the Africans themselves. This will apparently take longer than most Africans, and most Americans, thought.

An Answer to Aging Judges

The problem of "who judges the judges"—who tells them when it is time to step down—has been allowed to snooze along out of misplaced tact. How do we preserve the independence of the courts and the wisdom of age but protect ourselves from the occasional doddering judge?

Recently the judicial council of the U.S. Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals, in a rare action, stripped one of their colleagues, Judge Stephen Chandler of Oklahoma, of his judicial function. But they couldn't strip him of his job. They left him his office and salary, simply declared that he could no longer hear cases because he was "unable or unwilling to discharge efficiently the duties of his office."

Judge Chandler demanded a hearing and apparently he'll get one. The point remains, however, that the council was forced into its unique maneuver by the constitutional provision that all federal judges "shall hold their Offices during good Behaviour." The only way to remove a judge who doesn't want to go is to impeach him, and that is hard to do when the only offense is that a man is too old or ill to do his work. Impeachment, which requires a two-thirds vote of the U.S. Senate and a majority in the House, has been successful only four times since 1789.

Lifetime tenure was designed to protect the courts from influence by the other branches of government. To shorten that tenure by setting a mandatory age for full retirement is too harsh a remedy. Business may be right to retire a man at 65, but the bench is a reflective and ripening institution. Many of our judges—men like Learned Hand, John Marshall and Louis Brandeis—have continued to make great contributions into their 70s and 80s.

One good answer to the problem is advanced by Judge J. Earl Major in the current *American Bar Association Journal*. Major, who 10 years ago voluntarily retired from the Seventh Circuit at 69, advocates mandatory retirement at 70, or even 65, but only from "regular active service," not from the bench itself.

Congress has already provided that any federal judge can do just that—give up the daily routine of the bench, accept as many or as few assignments as he wishes and still remain on full salary until he dies. Up to now the decision has been a voluntary one, and Major feels that far too few judges have taken advantage of the government's amiable pension plan.

Under Major's plan, a chief judge could assign to a retired judge as much work as he felt the man could handle. Meantime, a younger, more active judge would be appointed to fill the formal position. Between them, the two might double the productive work of one judicial position, and that would be a great help in clearing up some badly clogged dockets.

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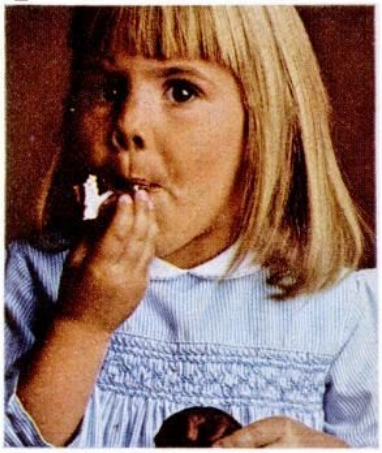

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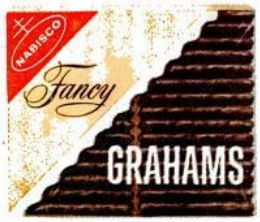

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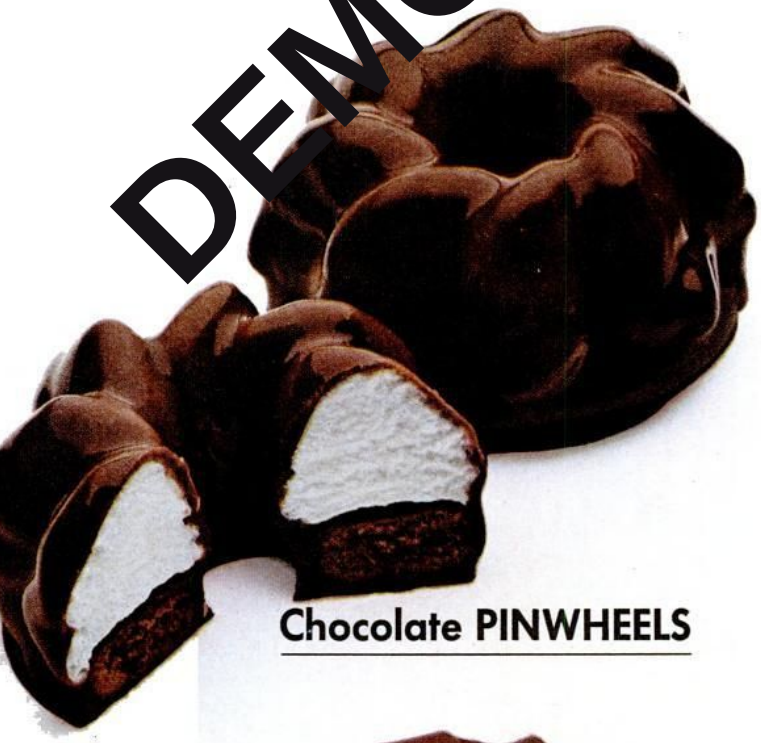

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Fancy Grahams

Striped Shortbread

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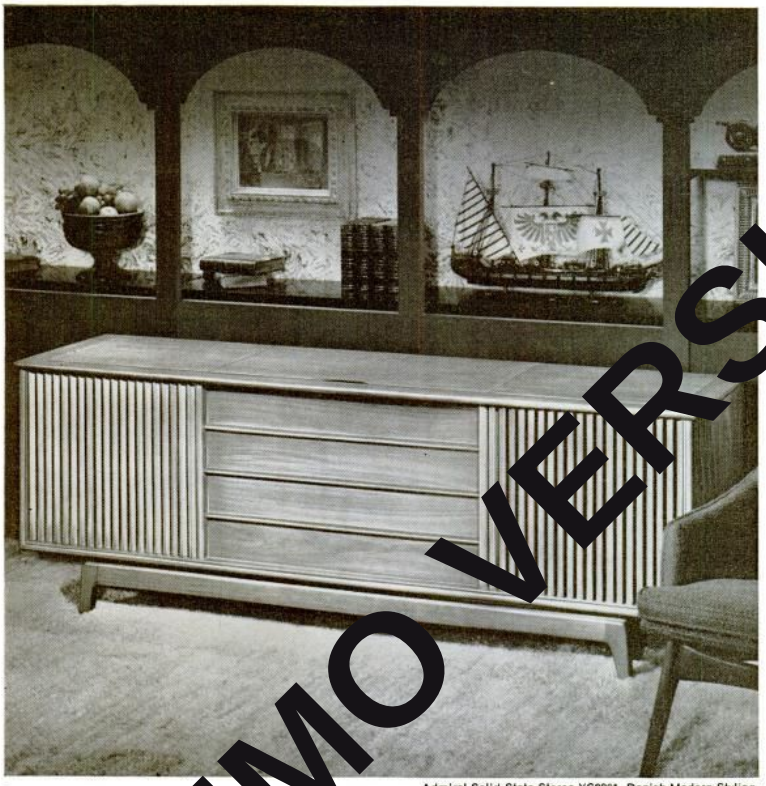

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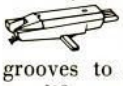

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LIFE *MOVIE REVIEW*

A Haunting Masterpiece of Unrequited Hate

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET

About half way through this remarkable film Tono Brtko, a poor simple-minded carpenter in a Slovakian town in 1942, goes to see the Widow Lautmann, a doddering and ancient lady who owns a button shop. Tono, through the magnanimity of his brother-in-law, the strutting *Gauleiter*, has been made "controller" of the shop. He goes to her with his brand-new, officially-inspired hate, but it gets him nowhere. The widow's mind is in the past. If she is even aware that there is a war on she doesn't understand what it is about. Her eyesight is so poor she can't read the official notice Tono hands her. He tries to explain but she is almost totally deaf. Finally, in desperation, he shouts: "I am your Aryan! You are my Jewess!" And here the hate turns into a tragic love story with undoubtedly the most unlikely Romeo and Juliet ever seen on the screen.

The Shop on Main Street was made by two Czechoslovakians, Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos. It is a measure of their brilliance that the doomed relationship between the widow and the carpenter is so infinitely moving. And it is a measure of their audacity that they have tackled a question so far pushed aside in all the films we have seen about the Nazis and their victims.

The question is this: what were the plain, ordinary, nice, decent people in the Nazi-controlled countries doing while six million human beings were carted off to gas chambers and furnaces? Maybe it has been impossible to come up with a satisfying answer because we don't know what it was like—we weren't there. At last we have a film in which we are forever there.

Because of the film makers' skillful choice of details, we know what every ordinary day is like in that little town—the streets, the shops, the tavern, even the stray dogs and the mud puddles. And of course we know the people—thrifty, hard-working, kindly. They go regularly to church, give coins to beggars, promenade in proud family groups during the band concerts. Very few are evil and certainly no one is saintly; Tono Brtko is average. He has a nagging wife and a devoted dog. He gets drunk. His feet ache. He is gentle, clumsy and innately goodhearted. He might have lived out his life muddling along on the margin of big events if only no more than puzzling salutes were required of him.

The first half of the film is wildly funny due to a marvelously Chaplinesque performance by the actor Josef Kroner as Tono. It is here, pressured by a hated brother-in-law and shrewish wife, he takes a job he doesn't want as Aryan controller of the widow's shop.

But the button shop turns out to be a collection of almost empty boxes. The widow is being kept alive by the charity of the Jewish community. They increase their contributions to pay off Tono as well. What is more, the widow (magnificently played by the Polish actress, Ida Kaminska) assumes that some kind official has sent Tono to be her assistant. She bosses him and scolds him and mothers him. He, in turn, succumbs to her sweetness and helplessness. Their affection finally grows and deepens against the stepped-up Nazi activities in the town. As Tono begins to agonize about the safety of his "Jewess" the humor disappears.

Suddenly the order comes that all Jews are to be sent to a concentration camp. The loud-speaker blares that anyone caught hiding a Jew will be shot. From behind the curtained windows of the shop Tono watches the pitiful roundup in the square. He cannot bear to betray his fragile, bewildered friend nor can he bear to die for her. Half out of his head he alternates between his basic humanity and abject terror. "It is you or I!" he screams at last. In this final sequence of Tono's struggle with himself the film becomes a masterpiece, a flawless examination of the toll of indecision and the penalty of passive decency.

The film's lasting power is that it poses a couple of additional questions to every spectator: "If it had been you, what would you have done?" "If it ever is you, what will you do?" The audience I was with sat through the last hour without unwrapping candy, without coughing, without moving. And they filed out in silence.

Mrs. Perry, a screenwriter and critic, reviews frequently for LIFE.

by Eleanor Perry

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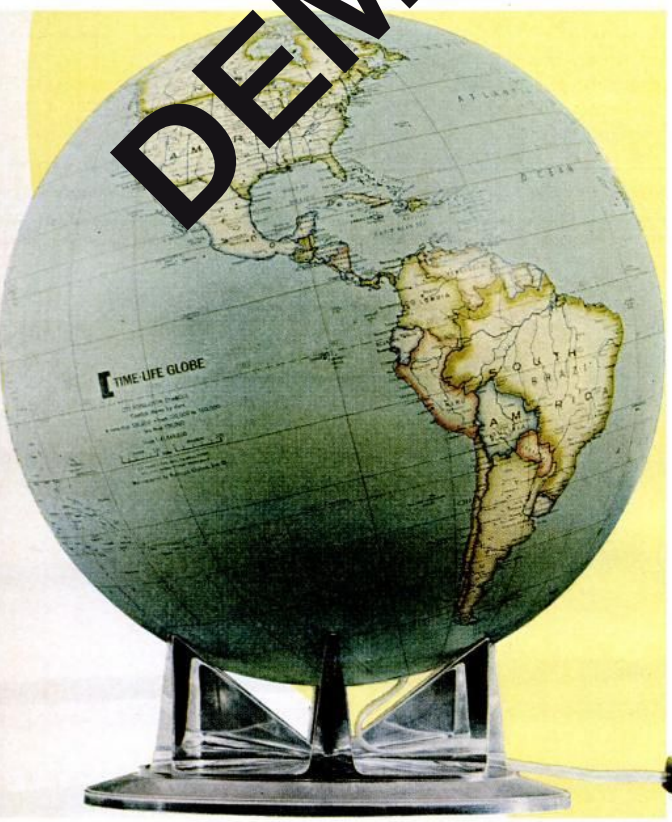

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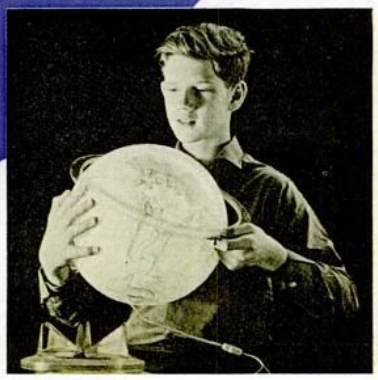

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LIFE **BOOK REVIEW**

A Mosaic of War and Revolt

THE FALL OF PARIS
by ALISTAIR HORNE
(St. Martin's Press) $6.95

Alistair Horne belongs to the *nouvelle vague* of historians. It is as if he and his colleagues were challenging the novelists: "What? You seriously propose to invent characters more fascinating than Churchill, Hitler, Roosevelt? Events more gripping than Verdun, Stalingrad, Hiroshima? You haven't a chance." And they are proving their thesis in the bookstore sales—to which end *The Fall of Paris, The Siege and the Commune: 1870-1* will have no exception.

Born a year after World War I, Horne felt that his childhood was "overshadowed" by that savage conflict. Later, when he had visited Verdun, emotions were engendered in him "that were never to leave me alone." Thus his first book: *The Price of Glory* (1963), a compelling study of that nightmare of over a million casualties —and the mysterious mutinies in which whole French units were said to have been marched off to quiet sectors and wiped out by their artillery.

"But while writing *The Price of Glory*," says Horne in his new book, "I found myself constantly having to refer back to 1870 and I knew . . . I would return there." The return was forced upon him: it was during the Franco-Prussian War that the Bismarckian structure of Germany was born. It was then too that Clemenceau steeled himself for the major purpose of his life: to humiliate Germany as once Germany had humiliated France by crowning their Kaiser in the Palace of Versailles. Further, it was Gambetta's failure to rouse all France into routing the Prussian invader in 1870 that saddled another generation with Verdun.

But Horne's tale is not confined to military aspects. He is an artist in mosaic, making such clever use of the hundreds of colorful bits extracted from his source material that he endows his evocations with all the flesh and blood with no sacrifice of the documentary solidity of fact. All the actors and dramatis personae are there. Gambetta in a hot-air balloon fleeing besieged Paris to rouse the countryside; massive Bismarck with his varicosed legs and gargantuan appetite; Germans importing hawks to capture French pigeons carrying the world's first microfilmed messages; the Empress Eugénie pleading with her American dentist to save her from the mob.

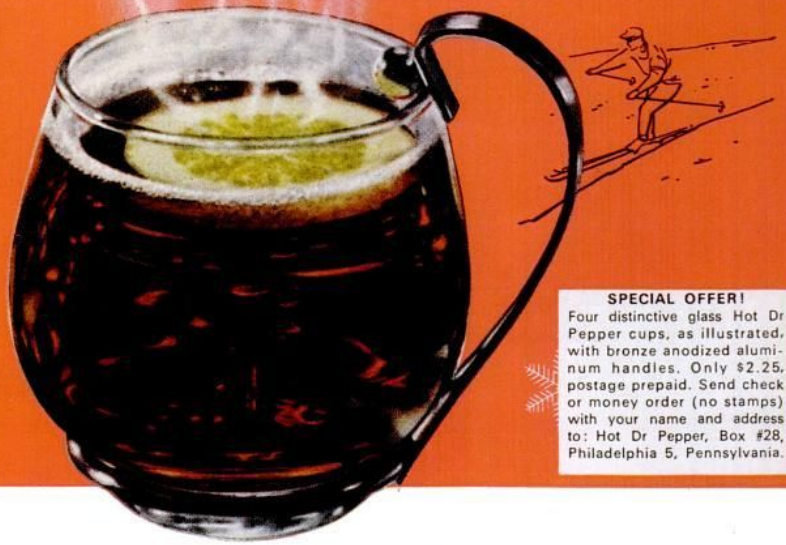
Half of this book is the story of the Parisian workingman's revolt against the government and the consequent formation by socialists and anarchists of the Commune, that naïve forerunner of today's superstates. Karl Marx was not even in Paris during the Commune and got no closer to it than the British Museum, yet his *The Civil War in France*, Horne tells us, "must be rated one of the all-time classics of journalism. His facts were astonishingly accurate." Horne recalls that it was this book that Lenin took to Finland in 1917. "The Commune," decided Lenin, "was lost because it compromised and reconciled." Trotsky too was especially aware that the Communards of Paris executed only 400 of their enemies, while the government troops executed 20,000 Parisians by the simple process of queuing them up and shooting them in batches of six at a time—and this hardened his resolution that "the white terror of the bourgeoisie" should be fully met by the "red terror of the proletariat." When the first three-man Soviet space team orbited in the *Voskhod*, Horne points out, they took with them three sacred relics: a picture of Marx, a picture of Lenin and a "ribbon off a Communard flag." He concludes, "From the bitter hostilities engendered in 1871 was to spring the *Front Populaire*, the Socialist-Communist alliance of the 1930s, which so devitalized France; leaving her once again an easy prey to a new German menace—this time in 1940."

And so, aptly, Horne's final word on the subject will be in his next book, *Sedan: 1940*, third of his trilogy whose theme, more graphically illuminated than anything recently written, is the dilemma of man trapped between his propensity for war and his capacity to revolt against it.

Mr. Endore wrote the best-selling biographical novel, The King of Paris.

by Guy Endore

WINTER WARMER



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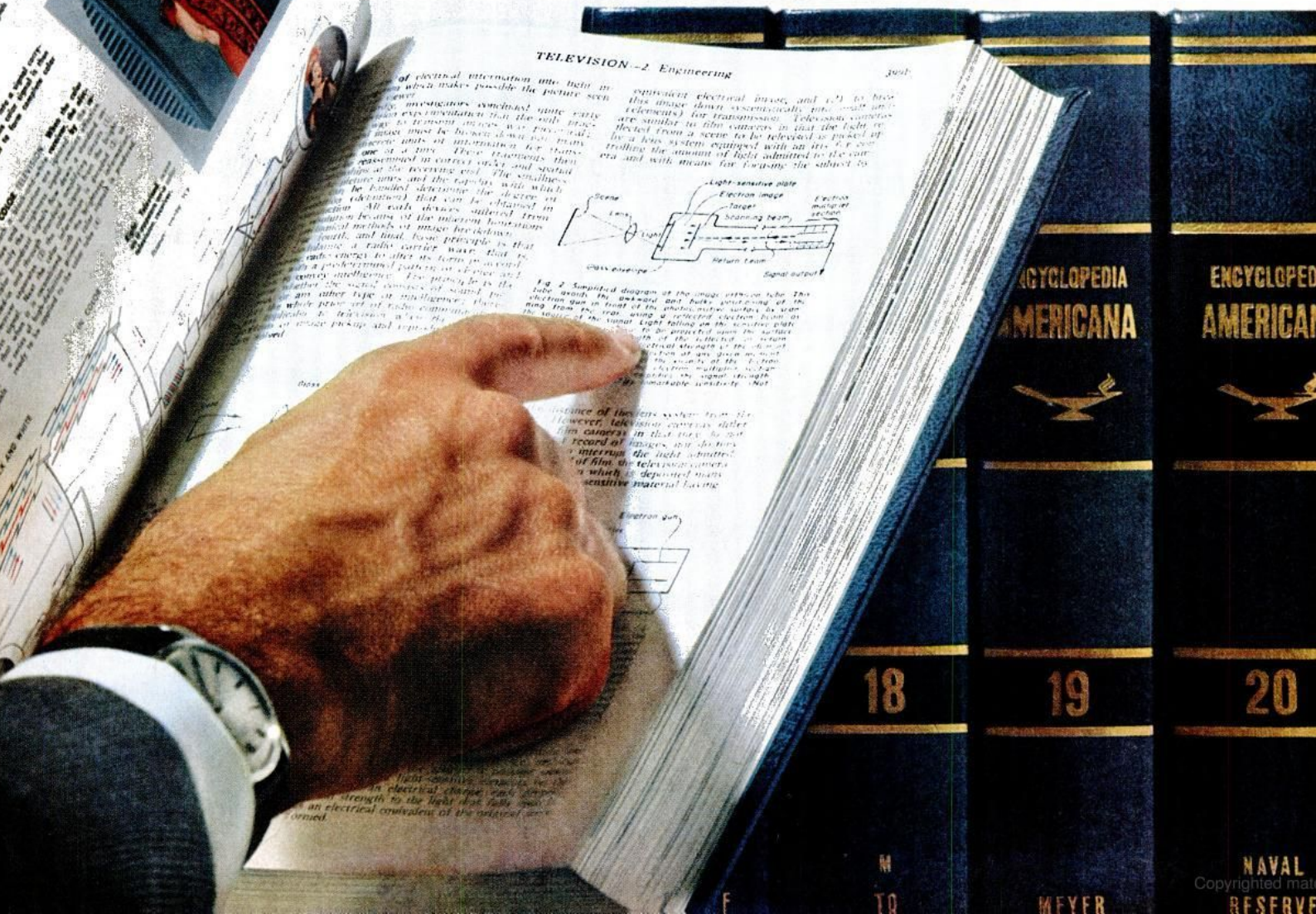

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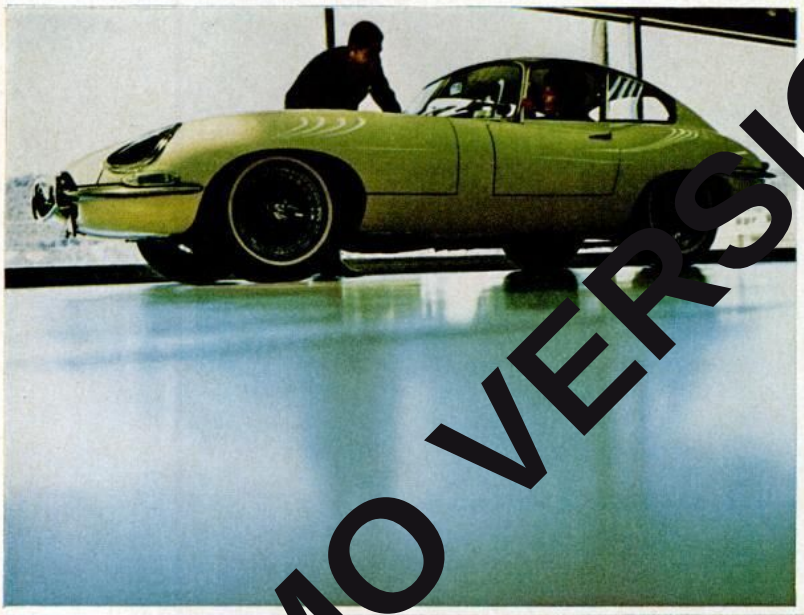

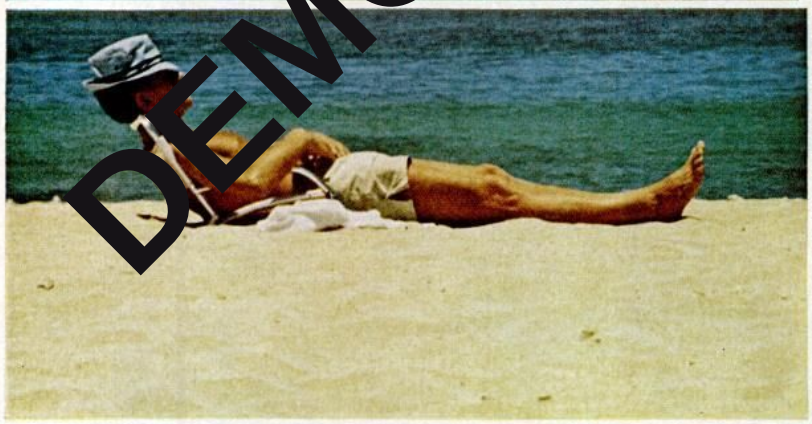

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Agamemnon Moves to Brooklyn

HOGAN'S GOAT
by William Alfred

To self-respecting Broadway re-ew can begin these days without a ef howl of pain about the state of e American theater. Off-Broadway s been becalmed for several sea-ns like the Ancient Mariner's boat, e supply of home-grown Absurdity ving apparently run down, while oadway-proper remains much too itchy about success to experime t operly. Most of its recent exp nts have been imported fr Eng- d, ready-made and pr ted. In this sickly stillness, sest ng to a fresh breeze this s n h en an old-fash ned nk se elodrama ca *Hoga s Goat*. ith its type-char rs a its over-posed dialogue *Ho Goat* may t be exactly original, but it has ggering negative virtues: simply list the current clichés it avoids uld be like calling off a roll of hon-angst to Zen. In this respect it ght be loosely compared with the k music which has been called in purge and resuscitate our ailing pular music. At worst, it is nice to l that they don't write clichés like at any more.

Hogan's Goat follows the simple e-way route of a folk song: con-ntation, betrayal, general hand-inging. But underneath the one-o-three plotting lurks the germ of slightly more sophisticated fable. young politician named Matthew anton is locked in a death struggle th an old war lord, Mayor Edward inn, for the throne of Brooklyn. anton represents a younger gener-on of immigrants, a halfway house the Kennedys if you like, who ve begun pushing the cruder bosses de in the name of reform. Stanton s long since stolen Quinn's girl and w casts green eyes on his office. In eir political heat, the two proceed t only to exploit the ghost of the ad mistress Ag Hogan (who is a ssic folk-song heroine by the way, the better for being dead) but stematically break the heart of anton's present wife. Politics is d to both of them, the last refuge the self, and human love is sacri-ficed to it with quasi-religious zeal.

A good subject for a straight play. But the author, William Alfred, has chosen, curiously, to tell it in a style of creakiest melodrama, complete with breathless discoveries and mustache-twirling rhetoric. At first you suspect a gag, like a revival of *Murder in the Old Red Barn;* but it seem that Mr. Alfred feels quite at h e in this style and would not d am making fun of it. His indif ence to fashion compels a certa respect—the kind you might el ma who still presses his p ts s s. But it also enables hi o "ge at" the 1890s in a wa t uld be off bounds to a satirist.

For h he loses dramatically he alm mak up atmospherically. He s caught e period as wistfully a ding nt in a saloon. The h ch ers sound just right, es-c the older ones (presumably b aus their equivalents are still a nd to be studied). Granted that Michael Quill of the Transport Workers Union was not available for the part, Tom Ahearne is a good stand-in as Mayor Quinn—an excellent bit of face-casting. Cliff Gorman is particularly fine as a bar-rail wise guy, another type that has mysteriously survived the years. And all the old aunts and priests are just the way you remember them.

If *Hogan's Goat* has one foot in the Nineties, it has its other less obtrusively in Greek tragedy. Mr. Alfred's first published play was a version of *Agamemnon*, which is remarkably similar in emotional tone to *Hogan's Goat*. Only that the kings and queens of *Agamemnon* have become the borough politicians of *Hogan's Goat*, borough politicians being mythic figures for the 1890s' New York Irish. And the mayoralty of Brooklyn has become a hero's trophy like the hand of Helen or the throne of Argos—that is, the most powerful focus for passion available in that setting. "I'm no one if I'm not the mayor," says Edward Quinn, "I'm no one." And no more desolate cry was ever uttered.

One play does not a trend make. But coupled with Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* (Mr. Lowell is a friend and colleague of Mr. Alfred's at Harvard), *Hogan's Goat* may suggest not only a modest boom in historical verse plays, but a real if eccentric step in the direction of an American historical theater.

Wilfrid Sheed, drama critic for Commonweal, *is the author of* The Hack *and a recent novel,* Square's Progress.

by Wilfrid Sheed

DEMO VERSION

If you want to

Stop Smoking, Here's How!

by Whitey Ford

"Stopping smoking is about as easy as pitching a World Series shutout. You can do it, but it's not easy," says Whitey Ford, who holds more World Series records than any other pitcher.

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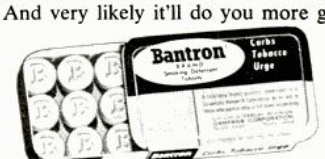

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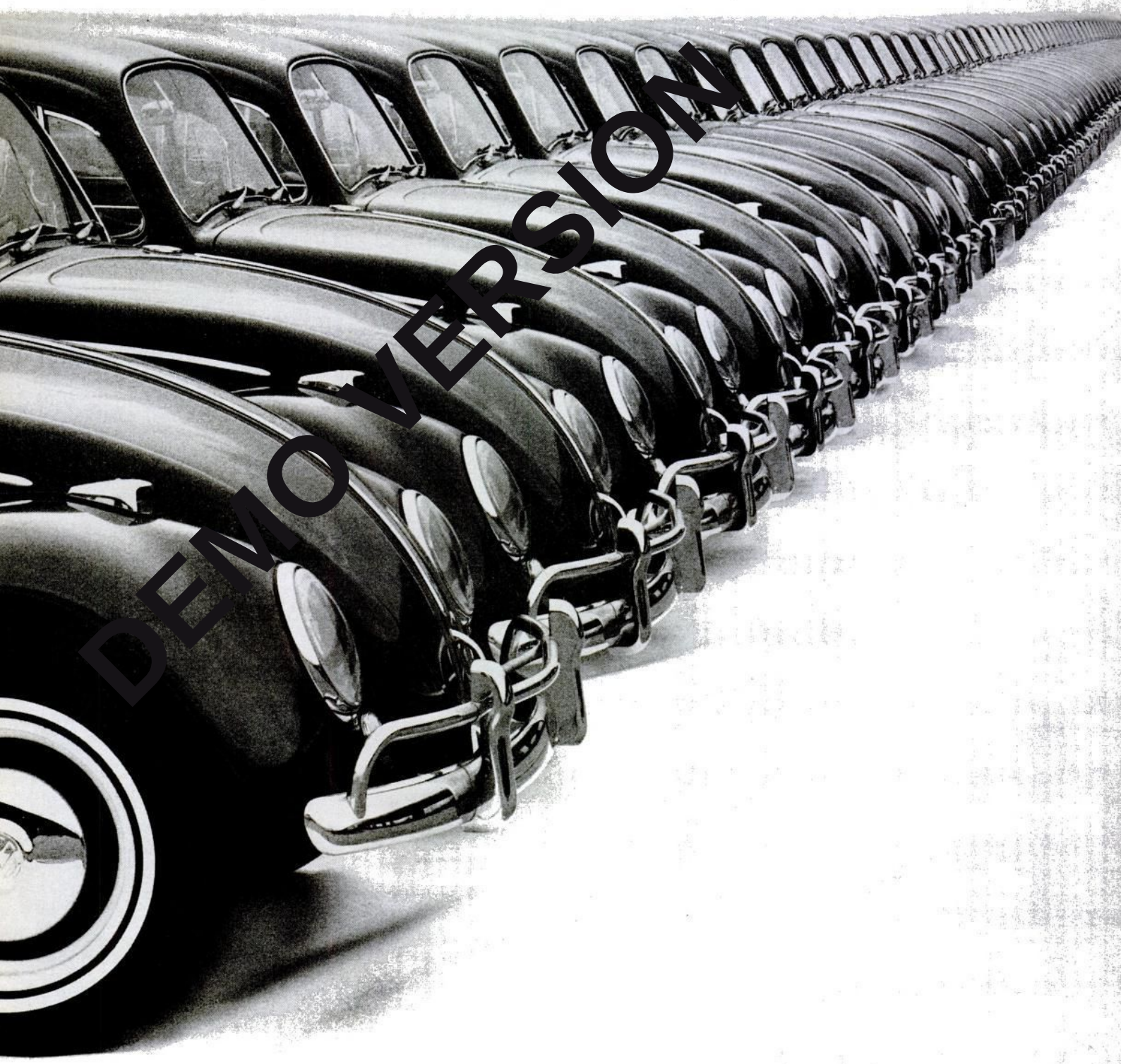

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However, the faddists soon found out that the bug wasn't an expensive ($1574) toy, but a cheap ($1574*) car.

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(When you drive the latest fad to a party, and find 2 more fads there ahead of you, it catches you off your avant-garde.)

But as a car, the VW was impressive:

If you had to go someplace, it took you. Even when some cars wouldn't. And when you got there, you could park it. In places where other cars couldn't.

Once people took the bug's good points for granted, it became the best-selling car model in history.

And that's when the VW fad ended.

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We built the antenna for Mariner IV that sent back the first pictures from Mars—150 million miles from earth.

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And all this far-out thinking is showing up in our '66 cars, too. Ideas like two-way tailgates, safety control panels, Stereo-Sonic Tape Systems.

You see, the real business of Ford is *new ideas*—that's our driving ambition.

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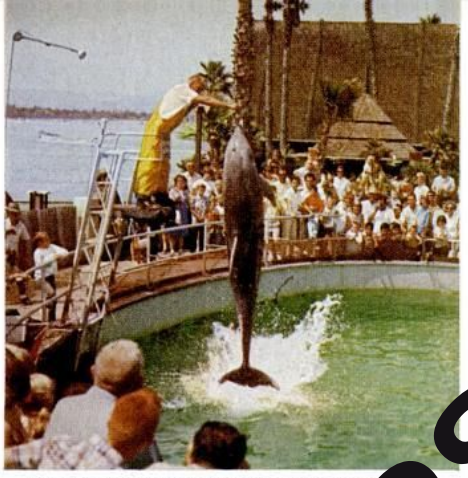

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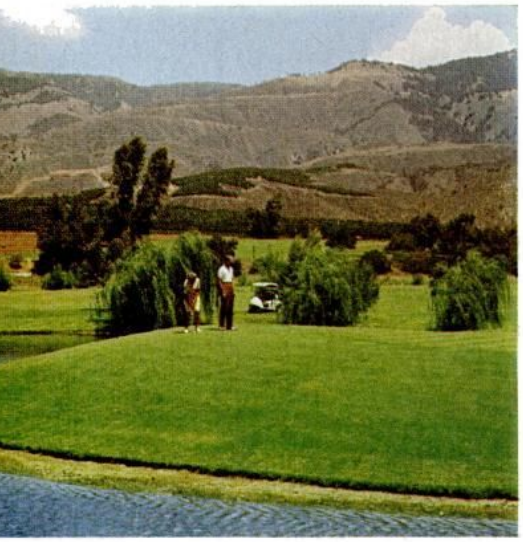

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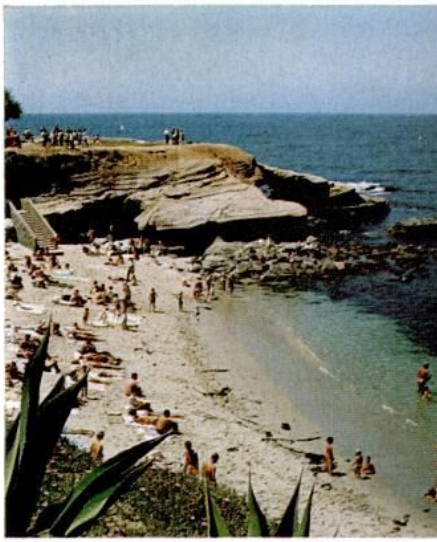

EXCITEMENT *is swimming, sunning, surfing along 70 miles of ocean and bays, with white sand beaches, all open for public enjoyment.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DEMO VERSION

DEAN OF PROTEST

Sirs:

Those of us who have followed Norman Thomas' career for many, many years are doubly grateful for this recognition of him in the story by Leonard McCombe and Sylvia Wright (Jan. 14). I do not agree with him on many of his present issues, but I deeply admire his courage to state what *he* believes in.

HEDIE S. KUHN
Hammond, Ind.

Sirs:

The description of Norman Thomas' art as a speaker, his preparations, gestures and reactions, was so real that I expected him to appear at any moment. It was extremely satisfying to see Mr. Thomas' greatness as a man with a mind being recognized.

MARILYN BROUTMAN
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article on the "dean of protest" was extremely interesting and, I hope, enlightening to many. Norman Thomas lives in a dream world of honorable Communists and peace without loss of freedom, as do many of my own generation who think that peace will come through demonstrations.

Louisa Thomas, his granddaughter, was dead wrong when she said, "[illegible]." I feel he understands us." Norman Thomas does not understand the real generation today but only those with whom he lives with in the pacifist dream world.

THOMAS E. [illegible] III
Villanova, Pa.

Sirs:

Your silly little study on Norman Thomas was wearisome indeed. It seems that in your eyes, the man's age endows his views with a certain unarguable magic. Mr. Thomas had a lousy idea when he was very young. It was called socialism, and it's still a lousy idea today.

L. ALBERT FISHER
Wantagh, N.Y.

Sirs:

As an old friend and biographer of Norman Thomas—I managed his 1944 and 1948 presidential campaigns—I was delighted with the article which captured so skillfully the spirit, wit and charm that have made him so effective as America's conscience.

Many years ago Norman's wife predicted that he would never retire until the world became "peaceful or perfect." The article makes it clear why our young people respond to him as he continues working at that lifetime job.

HARRY FLEISCHMAN
Wantagh, N.Y.

NEW YORK TRANSIT STRIKE

Sirs:

While fighting aggression in Vietnam, we have allowed New York City to become puppetized by Dictator Quill ("Transit Union Gets a Hallelujah Son on New York," Jan. 14). What is more surprising, not a single [illegible] worker burned his union card.

[illegible] MITCHELL
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a T.W.U. member, I'd like to express my sorrow for the crippling strike. We acknowledge our responsibility to the public, but we must also acknowledge our responsibility to our families to [illegible] to lead a comfortable life. For years we have settled for less than peanuts to avert striking. Now it is time that we receive the benefits we have been denied.

NORTON JAYSURA
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

That one man can use an entire labor union to wreak his personal vengeance upon an elected official is indicative of what the nation can expect if Section 14b of Taft-Hartley is repealed.

CAROLYN L. COOPER
Fort Hood, Texas

Sirs:

I propose a toast of champagne to Mayor Lindsay, the people of New York and the Police Department; a glass of lukewarm beer to Governor Rockefeller and President Johnson for their part as innocent observers; a generous cup of hemlock to Quill, MacMahon and their associates for their ruthless attack on the public and the law.

MARK FREEMAN
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I say good for Mike Quill. This man fought for what he believed in, he went to jail for what he believed in, his union.

It is very hard to find a man of this kind in this day and age. Good union leadership is going down the drain.

[illegible]
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

When a person takes a transit job, he doesn't automatically get the privilege to shut the city. We deserve the inconvenience, however, because although we have resisted corporate greed in passing minimum wage laws, maximum hours laws, antitrust laws, etc., we continue to cheerfully submit ourselves to the slings and arrows of union greed.

WARREN SNYDER
Evanston, Ill.

VIEW FROM HERE

Sirs:

Another loud hurrah to Mr. Loudon Wainwright for his fine article, "Why Should Open Dealing Be Suspect?" (Jan. 14). He again showed clearly what convictions and faith we who are so ardently wishing for peace in Vietnam must have.

RENATE B. SCHNEIDER
Noank, Conn.

Sirs:

Loudon Wainwright is naive in asking, "Why should open dealing be suspect?"

To my mind, Americans' suspicions of politicians' motives and *modus operandi* is one of our intelligent advancements.

For instance: tales of peace feelers from Hanoi stalemated or even rejected during the presidential campaign have not been explained or dispelled to my knowledge.

Mr. Wainwright asks us to trust blindly and to hope that this time politicians are being truthful. That's too much.

SIDNEY SELWAY
Los Angeles, Calif.

SPECIAL REPORT ON IRAN

Sirs:

Your article on Iran was splendid ("A Modern Monarch on the Peacock Throne," Jan. 14). The Shah has proved himself to be an enlightened monarch, a distinguished statesman, a wise and able administrator.

FRANK M. BAZL
Lucerne Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

I read your article about the Shah of Iran with much disappointment. This country is far from the utopia you presented. Ignoring the fact that the reforms (especially the land reform) have not succeeded to the extent you described, you have failed to present the dictatorial nature of the Shah's regime.

PETER SCHOETTLE
Claremont, Calif.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

In reference to your editorial, "Jet-Age Blues" (Jan. 14), last August I jetted to London from Los Angeles in 11 hours—and suffered a most frightening experience.

For five days I went around my old home town of London, hardly knowing where I was, stone deaf, one eye out of focus and bumping into people and lampposts.

I consulted a specialist who told me this was nothing out of the ordinary for those who flew east to west or west to east but didn't happen if one went north to south or south to north. The doctors in England called it "jet-lag." The cure: 24 hours in bed and a sinus antrum "blowout."

PAT AHERNE
North Hollywood, Calif.

BEANERY BUILT FOR ART

Sirs:

Thank you for exposing your readers to so-called "artist" Edward Kienholz and his pop Beanery (Jan. 14). Apparently crowds who once thronged circus freak shows now find kicks in pseudo-art antics.

JACK STEVENS
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

The $25,000 price tag is an insult to all humanity.

BILL PHILLIPS
Portsmouth, Ohio

▶ Burt Kleiner, Los Angeles investment banker who has one of the finest collections of 20th Century art in California, has just plunked down $25,000 for the Beanery. He and Artist Kienholz are now working out plans for a building to house the work.—ED.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

A Wayside Stop with Mamma Mussolini
The dictator's frugal widow keeps a rural inn in Italy—and tells of the job in the U.S. that Il Duce almost took

The Wizard behind the Wall Street Lion
Jack Dreyfus of the famous mutual fund is a frustrated hobo with a magic touch at horse racing, gin rummy and stocks

Gods, Beasts and Lovers in the Art of India
A treasury of exquisite and seductive paintings and sculptures

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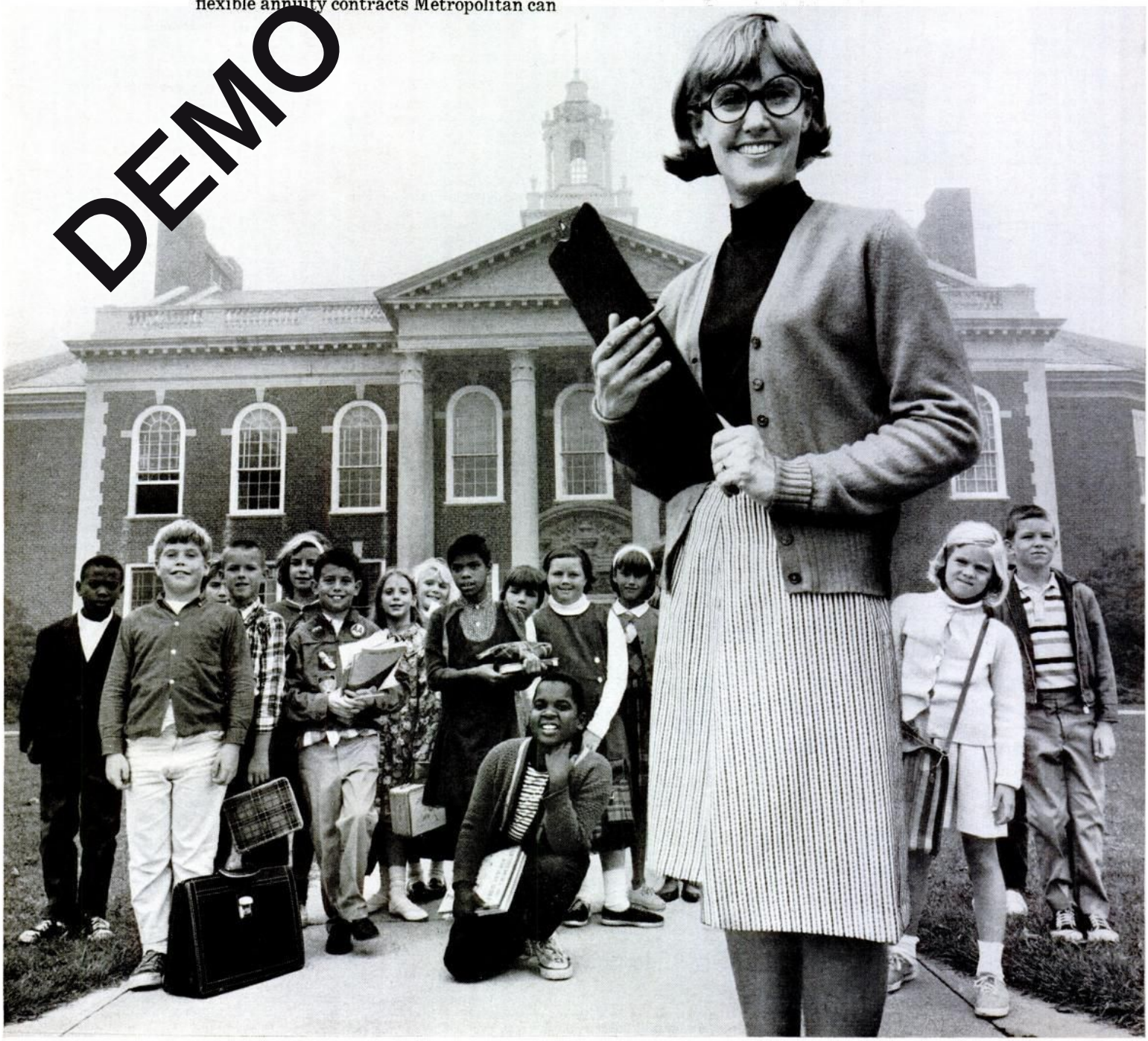

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DEMO VERSION

Don't change a hair for me, Batman

Every once in a while an event occurs which seems so exquisitely right for its own time that one is left gasping at the infinite fitness of things, the perfection of the Grand Design. In a small way, such an event was the arrival last month of the new TV show *Batman*. I was far from alone in my admiration. Thanks to ear-splitting promotion, the show struck this continent with the impact of a Hindu religious festival. Overnight it soared to Number One TV rating; eight-year-old Batman sweatshirts were sold to kids coast to coast we bet avidly dancing the Batusi; big actors like Sinatra were reported squabbling over small parts; rival networks were frantically mocking up imitations, and of course the critics were sounding off in all directions, saying things like, "This show is so bad, it's good. If it were any better, it would be terrible."

Still, I would not normally have looked at *Batman*. My personal interest in television serials and comic books, never high, has by now been ground down into a dull, throbbing ache by the avalanche of "in" and "out" jokes, by High Camp and Low Camp, by pop art and op art, and particularly by all spoofs of James Bond. I especially mistrust spoofs of spoofs because, in this bewildering form—as in the play-within-a-play—so much hokum and sheer chaff gets by under the excuse of *double entendre*.

But one night, having idly curled up with a martini, I flicked on the TV set and—THWUCKK!!—*Batman* got to me like an arrow in the heart. There seemed to be something so absolutely *right* about the show. I liked seeing a comic strip come alive, yet not change a hair. Serious artist friends say that *Batman* really should be an animated cartoon, but I say that would spoil it. There is something about live (more or less) actors playing cartoon characters that delights me. The dynamic duo in their baggy underwear, the faint pot belly on Batman, the enormous size of the "boy," Robin, produce in me a small, quiet joy. There is something about this show that is like looking through a plain, round hole at clear, blue sky. Maybe the best word is transparency; whatever there is of it is not opaque, it is all th

In short, I was charmed. It was surely not the [illegible], spoof-on-spoof of the batcave, or the batmobile that I loved, nor was it the campy animated "ZOWIE!"s that flashed out of the screen. It was not any personal childhood identification with Robin, the Boy Wonder, nor indeed with any comic strip. The phantom heroes of my childhood were audible but never visible: the Green Hornet, the Lone Ranger, Wilma Deering. My own private dynamic duo was Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine and Colonel H. Norman Schwartzkopf. (Look it up.)

Another private delight was to meet once again the intense clarity and the rigid economy of comic-strip literary style. The locale of *Batman* is "Gotham City." The hero is "millionaire Bruce Wayne." No equivocation there. An elaborate, fantastical conveyor belt bears the infinitely reassuring sign: "Conveyor Belt." There are lightning-fast transitions: we watch a girl being hideously, fatally, irrevocably poisoned, and a split-second later Batman says, "Don't move. I'll get the Universal Drug-Antidote!" There are preposterous jokes, riddles and codes, great anatomical villains—Joker, the Penguin, Clay-Face—and sweet expletives—Holy Alphabet! Holy Barracuda! By the time *Batman* was over, I had decided that it pleasantly parodied its own commercials, its own TV trailers, all other TV adventure series, all the old B movies—in short, television itself. Three cheers!

"Ah-haa, but will *Batman* hold up six weeks from now?" they whisper at the watering holes where the TV-makers gather. Probably not. The temptation to "improve" explosive success is almost irresistible. Already the second week's episode showed signs of deterioration. Its main trouble, I thought, was the villain, "the Penguin," dreadfully played by Burgess Meredith. He was so actorish he nearly ruined the show. Later I read an interview in which Meredith said he found the part an "interesting challenge." He added that, as a classic actor, King Lear suggested to him an aged lion, Falstaff an old bear. He said that he planned to "use birdlike characteristics without being overly stylized," and he even mentioned the "penguinlike waddle of Charlie Chaplin." Holy Actors Studio! Comic-strip Artist Bob Kane, who originally invented the Penguin, says he got the idea off a pack of Kools.

Still, why should this whole silly thing hit me so hard? I don't think I would have liked *Batman* so much had I not just seen, in rapid succession, the following creative works in other fields: *Dr. Zhivago*, Barney's Beanery and *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis De Sade*. I was touted on *Zhivago*, or rather off it, by a trusted friend who telephoned me coast to coast simply to say, "I have just seen a marvelous movie which you will absolutely hate." Thus goaded into action, I slouched to the box office and saw one of the most beautiful movies ever made. Next I read that the Hollywood diner in which I often have coffee, Barney's Beanery, has been reproduced by an avant-garde artist in plaster of Paris, complete with bacon smells, cooking sounds and papier-mâché customers, and proclaimed a genuine 22-foot-long, $25,000 work of art. Finally I saw *Marat/Sade*, a multi-leveled, many-dimensional play-within-a-play directed by England's most brilliant director, in which the well-schooled members of the Royal Shakespeare Company impersonate a tribe of grotesque 18th Century lunatics. The first shock of scabs, scars and strait jackets wore off surprisingly quickly and after that, gibber and drool as everybody might, I found my attention wandering. This exquisitely staged galumphing of gargoyles seemed very much like a highclass version of *Li'l Abner*. Compared to my present stifling, baffling esthetic confusion, *Batman* is simple-minded—and irresistible.

Batman's success has everybody in show business busy analyzing *why*, and the answer may be that life and art are comic strips after all. *Batman*'s euphoric producer himself proclaims, "You know why our show's a hit? We get everybody. To the kids it's real, to the adults it's camp." But I'm not even sure of that anymore. The youngster I know who likes *Batman* best happens to be a pretty dumb kid, in the bottom quarter of his class, who watches the dynamic duo in a perfect frenzy of eye-rolling yuck-yucking and hearty, chucklesome pokes in the ribs. For *him* it's camp; for *me* it's real!

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LIFE
Vol. 60, No. 5 Feb. 4, 1966

DEMO VERSION

The dog's name is Lucky. He is a lem[illegible]-colo[illegible] English pointer with a fine head and subtle si[illegible]s of good, expensive breeding. But when a woman fro[illegible] th[illegible]nim[illegible] Rescue Institute came across Lucky at a S[illegible]phu[illegible]la. fair three weeks ago, this is what sh[illegible]w— pathetic, emaciated horror, cowering, hopeless and up[illegible]uction. The woman bought him for $3 plu[illegible] dollar for the chain.

Lucky has his co[illegible]nterp[illegible]'s all over the U.S. Unscrupulous dog "dealers" taking advantage of the growing demand for do[illegible]for[illegible]al [illegible]edical research, are running a lucrative and [illegible]ory business. Laboratories now need almost [illegible]il[illegible]n dogs a year. To cash in on this need, the [illegible]alers [illegible]ve[illegible] country paying a buck or two to any-o[illegible] wh[illegible]om[illegible] forward with a dog, and no questions asked. F[illegible] pet[illegible] trained to obedience and easy to handle, are spe[illegible]l prized, and the Humane Society of the U.S. estimates that 50 percent of all missing pets have been stolen by "dognapers," who in turn sell them to the dealers. Some dealers keep big inventories of dogs in unspeakably filthy compounds that seem scarcely less appalling than the concentration camps of World War II. Many do not sell directly to labs but simply dispose of their packs at auction where the going rate is 30¢ a pound. Puppies, often drenched in their own vomit, sell for 10¢ apiece. Stirred by revelations to a House subcommittee of such outrages and prodded by the continuing raids on these camps by humane societies, Congress already has eight bills pending, any of which would outlaw these shameful conditions.

Pets for sale cheap—no questions asked

CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR DOGS

Photographed by STAN WAYMAN

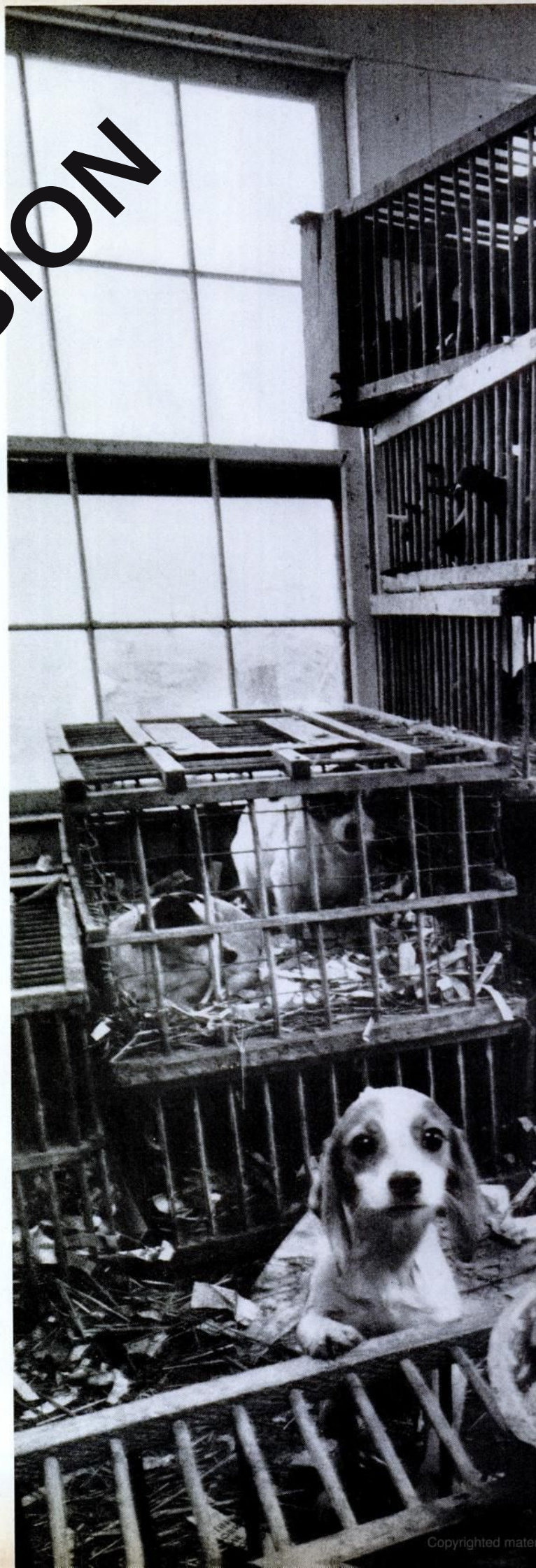
DEMO VERSION

RAIDERS DISCOVER A DEN OF WOES

DEMO VERSION

DEFIANT DEALER. Aroused by early-morning raid on his animal compound at White Hall, Md., Lester Brown confronts Frank McMahon, who represented the Humane Society.

NEW ARRIVAL. This woebegone springer spaniel was one of only a handful of dogs in Brown's inventory of over 100 animals that appeared to be fit. Obviously he had just got there.



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DEMO VERSION

FEEBLE COLLIE. Too weak to crawl to the frozen entrails scattered in Mr. Brown's yard, this collie was not rescued. The humane society could fit only 28 of the worst cases in its truck.

CHAINED PUPPY. Skin and bones and not much else is all that is left of this young beagle, staked out in Brown's yard. Beagles are rated by most dog dealers as a "hot item."

CRAMMED CRATES. In a shed behind Brown's house, dogs, pigeons and other creatures were jammed into filthy coops. The only food in sight was the stale bread piled in a washtub.

CONTINUED

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DISMAL SIGHT. Some of the 103 dogs on the raided property stand chained to wooden boxes. The yard is a clutter of sheds, lumber and junked cars. In foreground are frozen entrails, the usual ration for the dogs.

FROZEN DOG. In the raid on Brown's compound the police found this female dog frozen inside a box.

DEMO VERSION

HEADED FOR SHELTER. One of 28 sick dogs rescued in raid is hoisted by Mrs. Helen Crews of the Baltimore County Humane Society into a truck for trip to animal shelter.

THE GRISLY EVIDENCE

On a bright but cold morning, the raiding party of Maryland State Police and Humane Society agents swooped into Lester W. Brown's place in White Hall, Md., not far from Baltimore. Police and agents began moving about the cluttered property that was piled with boxes and junked cars and functioning as a concentration camp for dogs. One officer began a notebook of observations: "Indescribably filthy conditions . . . inhumane environment . . . dogs chained to small boxes, many too small to hold them . . . common framed pens covered with chicken wire . . . dogs have to lie in their own organic waste . . . far too many dogs to meet even the minimum standards of being humane or sanitary."

The raid was at the behest of the Humane Society of the United States, which, in its constant surveillance of places like Brown's around the country, had sent one of its agents to check conditions at Brown's twice within the past year. The agent posed as a dog buyer and got enough evidence to swear out the search warrant used in the raid.

The raiders heard dogs barking, but only a few were making the noise. Many of the dogs were able

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BRINGS 29 CHARGES OF CRUELTY

only to sit or lie down, immobilized by the cold, by sickness and disease and by inhumane treatment for how long nobody knows.

On Brown's back porch the police found 15 chicken crates piled in disarray. In the midst was a bucket of dirty water and an old galvanized tub partially filled with food that defied description but seemed to consist of dried bread and meal of some kind. Three of the crates were jammed full of pigeons; others contained raccoons, skunks, cats, a ground squirrel and a passel of puppies. In one crate were two large dogs that could neither stand up nor move because the crate was too small. When the dogs were removed and set on the ground, neither could walk.

Most of the state policemen who took part in the raid were hardened to almost anything from years of experience, but they spoke among themselves in terms of personal outrage, especially those who had pets of their own at home. The veterinarian who came along to identify sick dogs was infuriated by what he saw: a scrawny beagle clawing and chewing at one of the piles of frozen entrails that lay everywhere in Brown's yard. Another dog licking desperately at a dish of water that was frozen solid. Then Frank McMahon, Humane Society field director, lifted the burlap covering of a dog box and exclaimed, "Deader than hell!" Inside was a large hound frozen to death (*above*). They had to tear the box apart to get the dog out.

Soon two trucks from the Baltimore County Humane Society pulled up and began loading the 28 dogs that were most obviously sick. These were taken to the animal shelter. Left behind were some 75 dogs, their fate still up to Mr. Brown. The 71-year-old dog dealer was charged with 28 counts of cruelty, one for each of the sick dogs. And there was a 29th charge —for the dog that froze to death.

WARNING TO THIEVES. Angered by the disappearances of their family pets in Clarke County, Va., Mrs. William Mitchell and her neighbors put up signs to discourage thieves.

CONTINUED

THREE THAT MADE IT

DEMO VERSION

TWICE STOLEN. Tiny is a pure-bred English setter belonging to G. R. Lloyd of Boyce, Va. One day last August, Lloyd found Tiny's chain cut in the backyard. When he heard the dog was at the local pound, he set out to reclaim her, only to be told she had been stolen again. The Animal Rescue League of Reading, Pa. traced her to the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. They had purchased her from a Pennsylvania dealer.

MED SCHOOL ESCAPE. He has no fancy bloodlines, but to the Thomas Connollys of Newton, Mass. Lancer is the family pooch. The dog was picked up and impounded one day after delivering the Connolly children to school. After 10 days he was sold to Harvard Medical School, but during a transfer of quarters he chewed through his leash and escaped. He struck out for home, over 20 miles away—and made it. He was still wearing his Harvard Medical School tag (*above*) and the family let him keep it.

REPRIEVED PET. Reds is a year-old Irish setter who vanished one day from her Philadelphia neighborhood. She was sold to a hospital in New York which cooperates with humane societies seeking the return of stolen pets. A doctor spotted Reds as such a dog and called an animal rescue league into the case. Several people came to claim Reds, but when the Grill family of Philadelphia appeared, the dog went into a spasm of joy. So did six-year-old Kelly Ann.

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SAFELY BACK HOME TO THEIR OWNERS

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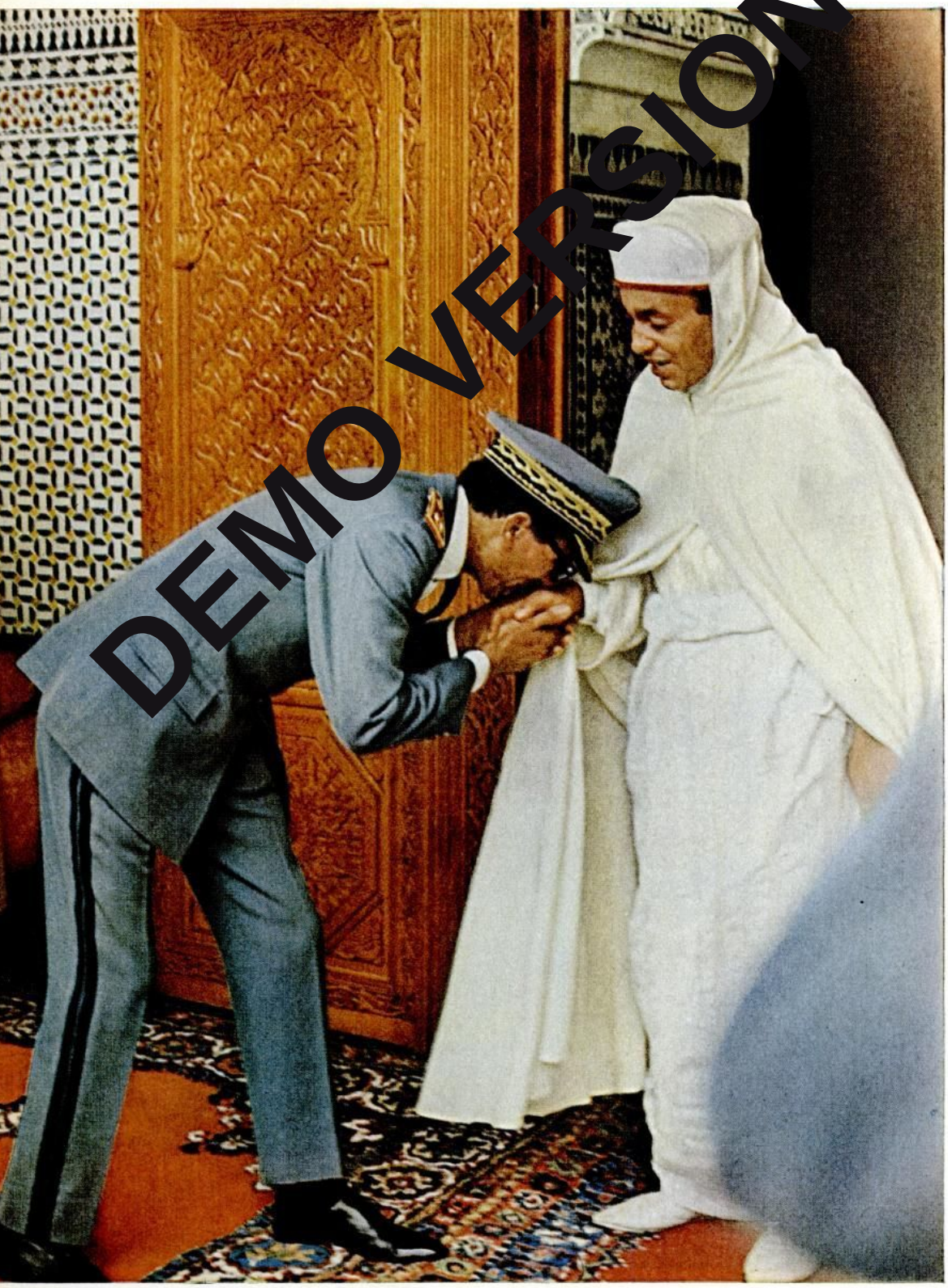

A Fine French Scandal over a Missing Moroccan

From king to cop they were all involved in what might blow up into the biggest, juiciest political scandal to hit France since the Dreyfus affair. Last October a Moroccan leftist leader named Mehdi ben Barka, twice sentenced to death *in absentia* for plotting to overthrow King Hassan II, was kidnaped in

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L'AFFAIRE BEN BARKA. In Rabat, Morocco's Interior Minister Oufkir, leading figure in scandal, pays respects (*left*) to King Hassan II. In Paris, policemen patrol *La Santé* prison where an important suspect is being held.

road daylight in Paris' Latin Quarter. It turned out that the abduction had been carried out by French agents, presumably acting under the orders of Morocco's General Mohammed Oufkir and with the knowledge of French officials. The reverberations rocked even Charles de Gaulle. Furious at the first taint of real scandal on his government since he set up the Fifth Republic, he sacked his counterespionage chief, ordered a reorganization of all French police and security agencies and issued an "international warrant" for the arrest of Oufkir and two aides whom the French charge with having organized the plot. King Hassan, furious himself, refused to do anything about Oufkir and instead canceled a state visit to France. Meanwhile a titillated Paris, trying to figure out who did what to whom and why, was certain of only one thing: Ben Barka, still missing, can now be presumed dead.

CONTINUED

DEMO VERSION

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SCRATCH ONE WITNESS. An underworld character named Georges Figon (*above*) claimed he saw Oufkir torture Ben Barka, then leave him to die. French police said they tried to arrest Figon for months but couldn't find him—though one day he was photographed parading past their headquarters (*top*). Finally they located him at his home. But when they went to arrest him he killed himself —they said. Then they watched as his coffin was hauled away (*right*).

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Secret agents, double agents, 'barbouzes' and brothel owners

DEMO VERSION

In French, which is a very precise language, the kidnaping of Ben Barka was for months called only *une affaire*—intriguing, to be sure, and full of possibilities but still not quite ripe and smelly enough to be taken too seriously. But the death of Georges Figon (*opposite page*), who set up the kidnaping, blew off the lid, revealing a steamy bouillabaisse concocted of police officers, government spies, underworld thugs, adventurers, gangster flesh peddlers and maybe even an Interior Minister. Then *l'affaire* became *un vrai scandale*, a full-blown scandal.

A more varied and raffish cast of characters had not been assembled since *Irma La Douce*. Georges Figon was an ex-c[illegible] who once spent three years in a mental institution, feigning insanity to avoid going to prison. A decade later he became a Left Bank literary type. He appeared on French TV as the "unrepentant bad guy," wrote underworld dialogue for gangster movies and once even did an article for Jean-Paul Sartre's very intellectual monthly.

Four of Figon's gangster friends were brought into the Ben Barka caper, including a brothel owner named Georges Boucheseiche. They all learned their trade at the feet of a man named "Pierrot le Fou" (Peter the Madman), who was France's Public Enemy No. One in the early postwar years. Pierrot won the admiration of gangsters and cops alike for the heroic, legendary devastation wrought on French banks by his outfit, called the "Gang des Tractions Avants" (the Front-Wheel-Drive Gang) because they always made their getaways in front-wheel-drive Citroëns.

Figon and his friends were not wholly unfamiliar with the theory and practice of kidnaping. Three of them had worked for the Gestapo during the German occupation of France. And all of them had been recruited as *barbouzes* (false beards), or undercover agents, by the Gaullists during the Algerian war to fight the anti-De Gaulle Secret Army Organization on its own terrorist terms. In 1963 Figon's men reportedly had handled the kidnaping in Munich of an exiled right-wing French Army colonel the Gaullists preferred not to have around loose.

THE VICTIM. Ben Barka was a vigorous political leader in Morocco who went into exile in 1960 when Hassan cracked down on leftists. Recently there were reports Hassan was seeking a reconciliation with Ben Barka.

The fingerman in the Ben Barka plot—the go-between for Morocco's General Oufkir and his French hired hands—was Antoine Lopez. Ostensibly an employe of Air France, he was really a double agent, working both for a French counterintelligence outfit and for the Moroccans. And he had the reputation of being able to supply the Moroccan embassy in Paris with anything vegetable, mineral or animal, of any sex.

The trap that lured Ben Barka to his Latin Quarter rendezvous was set up largely by Figon, who, posing as a financial angel, had managed to get Ben Barka to believe he would put up money for a film on the problems of decolonization that the Moroccan wanted to produce. Ben Barka was en route to lunch with Figon to discuss the deal the day he disappeared. As he got out of the taxi, the trap was sprung—not by Figon but by two French policemen named Souchon and Voitot, members of the vice squad. They were old pals of Lopez, the go-between. He had helped them in the past by fingering drug peddlers and other unsavory types, and they were anxious to do a favor for an old pal. But Souchon was a little worried about helping unless he was politically covered upstairs. Lopez reportedly assured him: not only, he said, was Jacques Foccart, De Gaulle's personal deputy on police and intelligence matters, "*au parfum*" (in the perfume, or in on it) but also Souchon would get a call on an official line from the Ministry of Interior. Sure enough, the morning of the kidnaping Souchon got the call.

"You have a rendezvous today?" asked the caller.

"Yes," replied Souchon.

"Are you going?"

"Yes."

CONTINUED

Lopez, the go-between

Jacquier (left), *chief counterspy*

Frey, minister of interior

Zollinger, investigating judge

Boucheseiche, brothel owner

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De Gaulle–'Smart alecks take me for a sucker'

SCANDAL CONTINUED

"That's good," said the voice.

So reassured was Souchon that he was now on official government business that he and Voitot picked up Ben Barka in an official police car and flashed their tricolored police identifications when Ben Barka asked who they were. The snatch went off without a hitch. The two policemen drove Ben Barka to the villa of the brothel owner Boucheseiche just outside Paris, dropped him off and left.

Within a week, the story of the kidnaping had broken and the world was all over town of the French police's complicity in it. Lopez had reported his role to his counterintelligence contact, Major Marcel Leroy, alias Finville, alias Donald, who had in turn reported it to his superior, General Paul Jacquier, director of French counterespionage. Souchon too had made a clean breast of it to his superior, who in turn passed the word to the Paris Prefect of Police, who in turn personally reported it to Interior Minister Roger Frey. Indeed, the only police official whom nobody seemed to have informed was the Chief of the Criminal Brigade, who had been charged with investigating Ben Barka's disappearance. In France, which has a bewildering array of police networks, that is perhaps not strange.

The kidnaping had taken place only a few days before De Gaulle announced he was a candidate for re-election as president. Naturally, the government did not want *l'affaire Ben Barka* to become *le scandale Ben Barka* at that point. De Gaulle wrote a letter to Ben Barka's widow in Morocco promising the investigation would be pursued "with the greatest vigor and the greatest dispatch." The government denied categorically that any French police agency had taken part in the kidnaping. And a dedicated young magistrate, Louis Zollinger, was given the job of investigating the case. His investigating of police and government witnesses went along at a snail's pace.

Then, two months later, Figon started to "sing" in public, almost to anyone who would listen. This was daring, since in an article published in a French weekly, under the title "I Saw Ben Barka Killed," Figon claimed that at a last briefing given the conspirators General Oufkir had said: "I know there are some among you who talk a lot. Even some who write." Then looking meaningfully at Figon, the general added: "The slightest mistake like that would be fatal."

It was. For 59 days the police, armed with a warrant issued behind Figon—at last, that's what they said. Somehow they never seemed able to—although everyone else did. One paper wrote that "Figon was seen so much around Paris that it was easier to meet him than avoid him." Finally one night the police—supported by roadblocks, crackling police radios and the press—moved in on Figon's apartment. The concierge was watching *The Untouchables* on TV. The police said, "We would like to see a Monsieur Le Normand (Figon's alias). When the police raced up the stairs to question "M. Le Normand," they found him dead, with a bullet through the temple. Suicide, the police said immediately. But the official coroner's report never mentioned the word suicide, did not fix the exact time of death and said the bullet was not fired point-blank but "from a very short distance"—a rather odd procedure for a suicide.

What the next act in this scenario will be no one can predict. Go-between Lopez, who said, "I was just doing my duty as a Frenchman," is in jail. So are the two cops, Voitot and Souchon. Boucheseiche and his pals, paid off, have fled to safer climes. Jacquier, the counterespionage chief, has been fired, and Finville, his agent, suspended. Opposition parties are now demanding that Interior Minister Frey and De Gaulle's aide, Foccart, be dismissed.

In France, scandal has a way of winding up swept under the *tapis*. Several Gaullist weeklies, for example, have already pointed the way to a political diversion. One headlined in big black type: "How France Got Diddled." By whom? The CIA—who else?

Still, at a recent cabinet meeting a very angry De Gaulle was reported to have said: "There are some smart alecks in this affair who take me for a sucker (*Il y a des zigotos dans cette affaire qui me prennent pour une bille*). The accounts will be settled."

AGENT IN TROUBLE. Major Leroy, alias Finville, has been suspended from his job. He was Lopez's boss.

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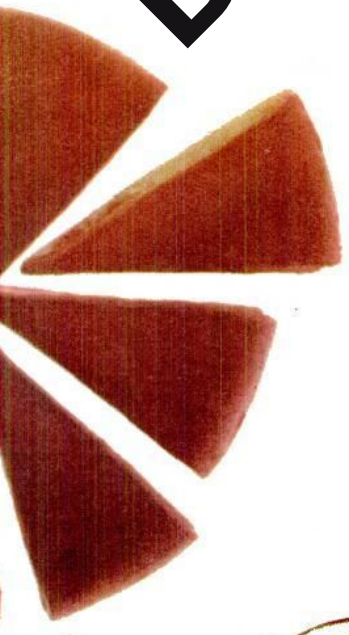

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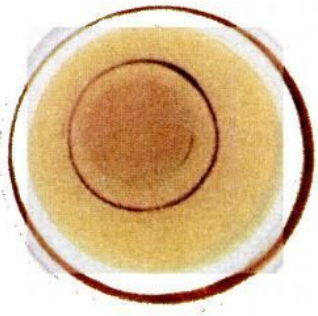

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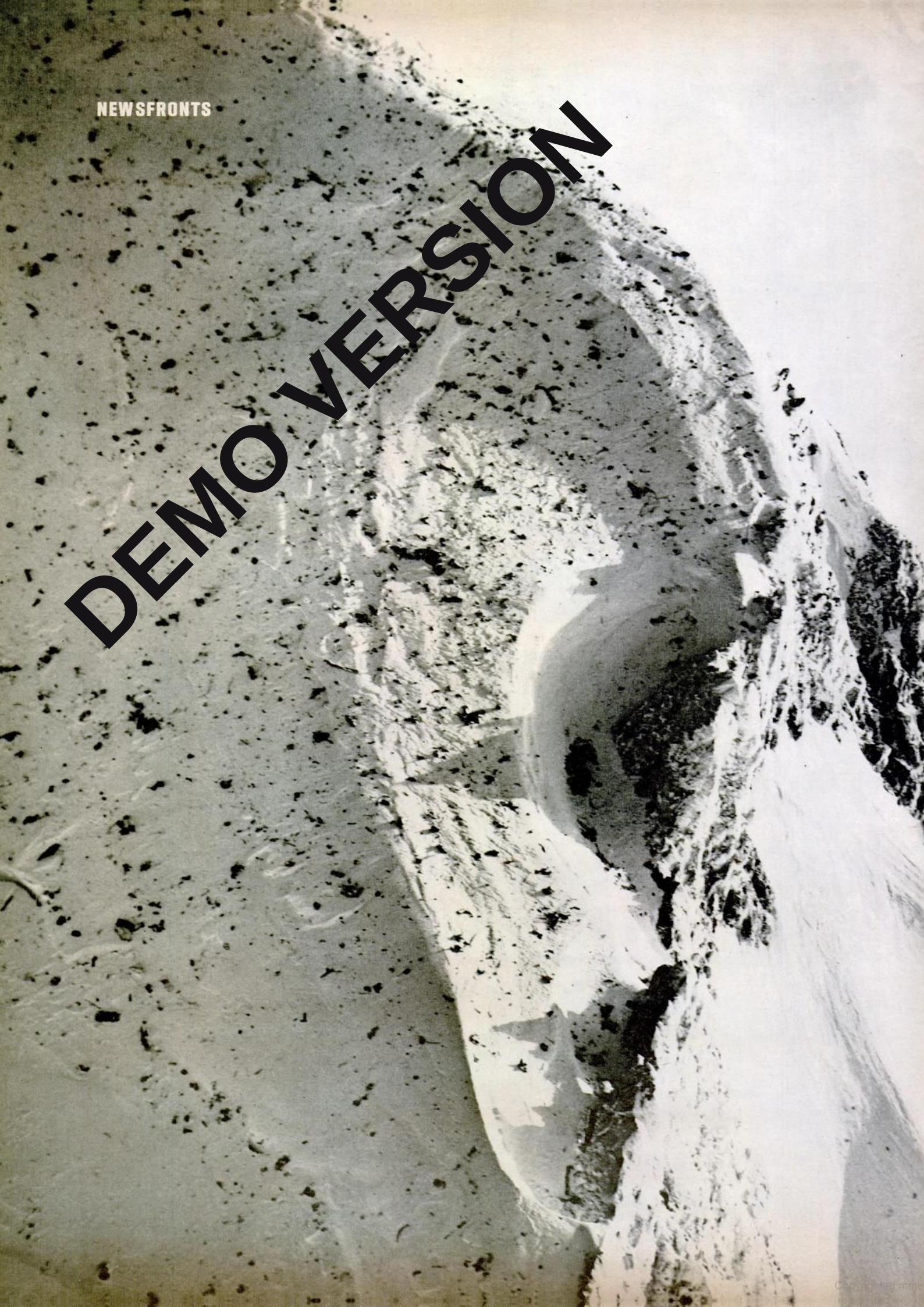
And another bachelor Beatle bites the dust

The marriage certificate listed him as "George Harrison, 22, musician." But anyone could see that behind that carnation was a bona fide Beatle—the third to say so long to bachelorhood. Mrs. H., wearing the latest in London Mod fashions—a real short fur over a real short skirt—is the former Patricia Anne Boyd, a 21-year-old model. So unpublicized was the wedding that none of George's fans turned out to screech at him.

A new chef for the White House range

To prepare those big state dinners, the White House hired a new chef. Henry Haller is a specialist in French cuisine and such scenic cookery as the sample shown here. Looking like a cross between a Swedish smorgasbord and a Swiss cuckoo clock, the platter contains a leg of venison. The deer that festoon the dish look enough like those on the President's spread to whet the appetite of any Texan.



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JETLINER CRASH. At left, bodies and debris litter snow below Mont Blanc's summit. Above, having ascertained they could do nothing, rescue workers got back into helicopter.

Debris of Disaster Sprinkled over Mont Blanc

Like specks ground out of a pepper mill, the parts of what had been an intercontinental jetliner and its 117 occupants dotted the white crown of Mont Blanc. The Boeing 707 was Air India's, midway in a flight from Bombay to New York, and due for a stop at Geneva minutes after its radio abruptly went silent. All life aboard the plane ceased abruptly, including that of five Americans and a distinguished nuclear physicist, Dr. Homi Jehangir Bhabha, chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission.

In an eerie coincidence, the jet disintegrated very near the site of a 1950 Air India crash of a Constellation (*picture at right*). In that disaster, which claimed 48 lives, the victims included 40 seamen en route to England to board their ship. The latest disaster killed 46 seamen on a similar mission. What went wrong may never be known. After violent winds imperiled the helicopters that flew to the crash area (*above*), authorities decided that the salvage operations would have to wait for spring.

PROP PLANE CRASH. In 1950 an Air India Constellation smashed against the same ridge, killing 40 Pakistani sailors. A French Alpine guide was also killed trying to reach wreckage.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

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DEMO VERSION

U.S. airmen go on atomic search in Spain

Near Palomares, Spain, a long line of U.S. airmen marched out into the fields to look for some missing atomic weapons. A B-52 bomber had collided with its refueling plane in mid-air and crashed. The plane's atomic weapons were not activated and could not explode, but they fell somewhere in the area, which became radioactive. Doctors tested the peasants, and at least one was reported contaminated. Though there seemed to be no danger to public health, the airmen cut down the tomato crop, lest contaminated tomatoes be shipped to market.

An American dies mysteriously in Russia

In a Murmansk courtroom last November, Newcomb Mott of Sheffield, Mass. had smiled at his accusers. He was convicted of an illegal border crossing and sentenced to 18 months. Last week he was put aboard a train bound for prison, so the Russians said, and committed suicide by slashing his throat. But after the U.S. protested, an American doctor was allowed to witness an autopsy. It showed multiple wounds on his body and a deep gash across his throat, but it shed no light on the question of by whose hand Mott died—or why.

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These are Brach's
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BUICK'S NEW OPEL KADETT!

DEMO VERSION

BUILT BY GENERAL MOTORS IN GERMANY

This handsome wagon carries you, four skiers, a weekend's worth of gear— and General Motors' lowest price tag.

When Buick puts its name behind an economy car, it had really better be something. Opel Kadett really is. Our station wagon is liberally packed with features you simply don't expect to find on a car of this price.

Some quick examples. Carpeting in the front, carpeting in the back, carpeting in the loading area. A luggage rack on the roof that is standard equipment. A rear door that opens all the way up, making it easy to load. A three-way lever on the steering column that blinks the headlights when passing, toots the horn and flicks on the directional signals.

Is it really economical? The many features and handsome styling say it's an expensive car. The 54-h.p. engine says it's an economy car. It requires very little gas and oil and maintenance. But we haven't stinted on performance. This wagon will scoot when you want it to scoot. The happy combination of horsepower and weight of the car see to that. If you're the kind who feels "the more action the better," we have an option just for you. A 60-horsepower engine and front disc brakes.

Safety equipment, too. Padded dash. Padded sun visors. Four seat belts. Backup lights. Windshield washers. An outside mirror. Must you pay extra? No. These are standard equipment. When we say you can have both economy and good looks, we mean it.

Plenty of dealers. Over 600 Buick-Opel dealers from coast to coast. (Look in the Yellow Pages.) Each has the parts and service and desire to cater to your every whim. Accent that word desire. It's another reason why you should buy General Motors' lowest-priced wagon.

Now the big surprise—the price.

	EAST	WEST
Two-door sedan	$1644*	$1726*
Deluxe two-door sedan	$1767*	$1849*
Deluxe sport coupe	$1803*	$1884*
Deluxe four-door sedan	$1854*	$1936*
Deluxe station wagon	$1883*	$1965*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices p.o.e. East and West Coast. Prices include Federal Excise Tax, suggested dealer delivery and handling charge. Transportation charges, accessories, optional equipment, state and local taxes are additional. Shown is the Opel Kadett deluxe station wagon, Manufacturer's suggested retail price p.o.e. East Coast, including white sidewall tires, is $1903.96.

Drive Buick's new Opel Kadett. You'll look good doing it.

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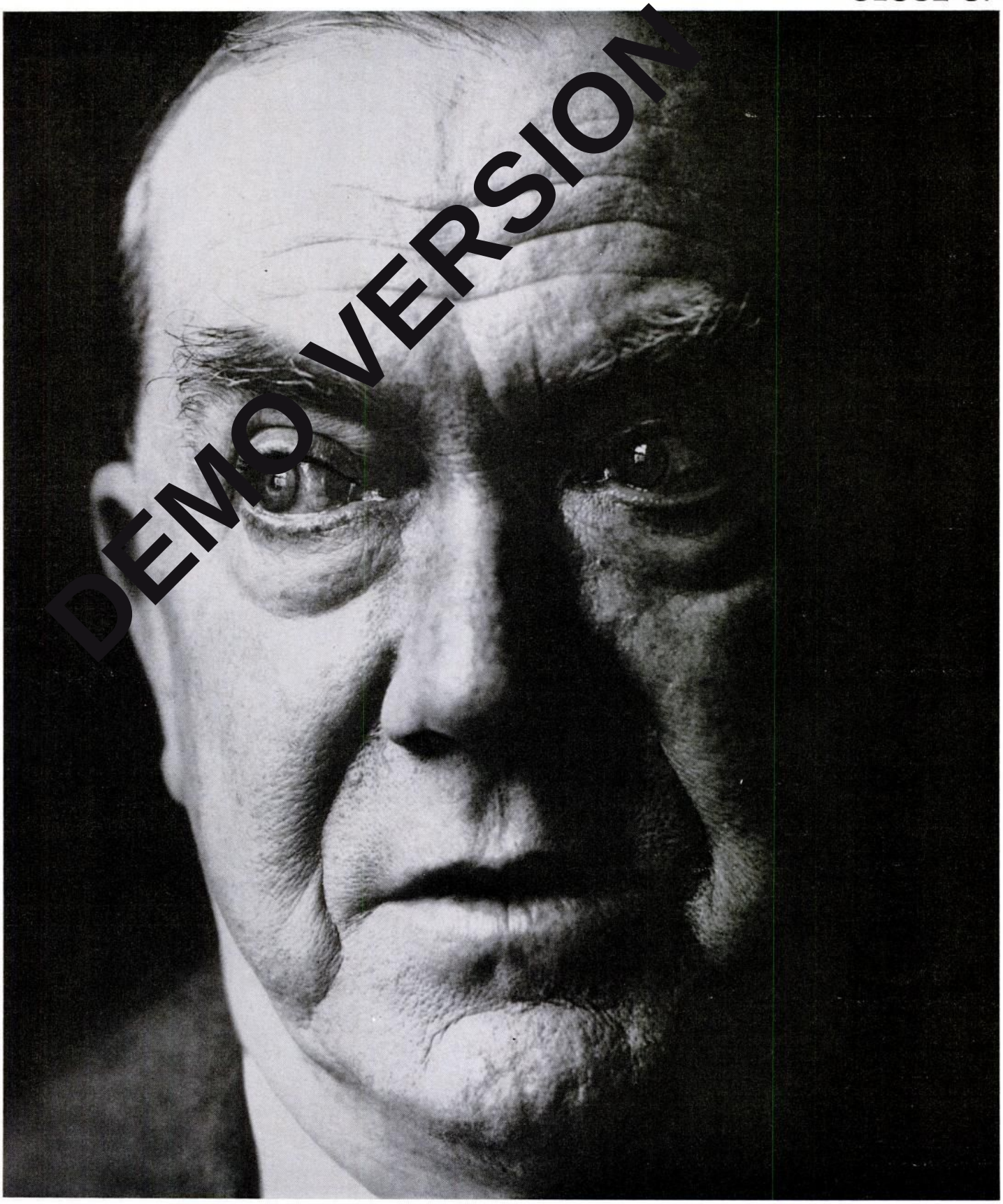

DEMO VERSION

A recent portrait of Greene, just honored by Queen Elizabeth, is by Lord Snowdon.

THE 'CONSPICUOUS SERVICE' OF GRAHAM GREENE

A New Honor and a New Novel

CONTINUED 43

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"I don't want to explain things—that's not what I'm about." What 61-year-old Graham Greene does want to do, and has for 34 years been doing with consummate skill, is write—novels, plays and "entertainments" (which, he says, "vent my penchant for melodrama")—about remote, ravaged sectors of the world and of the human heart. His 26th and newest book is *The Comedians* (Viking), a grimly witty novel about people tyrannized by the dictatorship of "Papa Doc" Duvalier in Haiti. Although Greene keeps flats in London and Paris, he spends much of his time continents away, doing the dogged research that gives his works their authenticity. For his 1961 novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*, he paid an extended visit to a leper colony. For *The Power and the Glory*—his personal favorite among his works—he spent months in Mexico. For the whole body of his work Greene has just been named a Companion of Honour by Queen Elizabeth II —a rare award bestowed "for conspicuous service of national importance." Such praise is unlikely to turn Greene's head. "I've been described in many ways," he said in a LIFE interview, more of which is continued below, "among them as 'an ignorant English journalist.' I have no explanations to offer."

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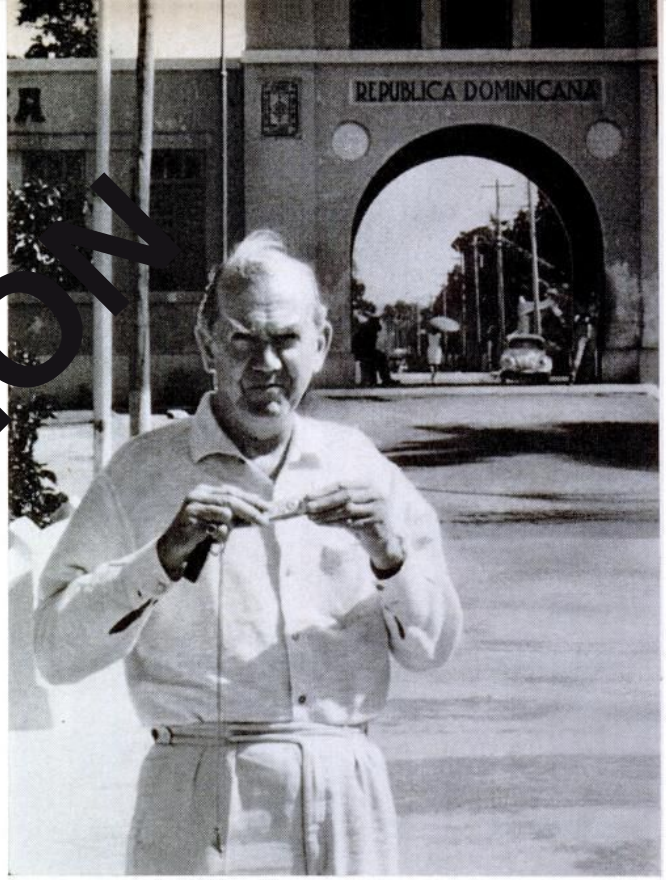


Greene always knows well whereof he writes. Above, he visited Haiti to research *The Comedians*, below, French Indochina for *The Quiet American*, at bottom, Cuba for *Our Man in Havana*.

'I want to see the body'

I'm journalistically minded. I like reading newspapers, arguing about politics and I want to see the dead body, and not just read about it.

▷ Haiti is the most monstrous place imaginable. If they'd had a Bay of Pigs there, nobody need have complained. "Papa Doc" Duvalier is a ghastly person.

▸ Leper colonies aren't horrible at all. I'm much more nauseated by hospital scenes in films, which make me put my head down and tie up my shoelaces.

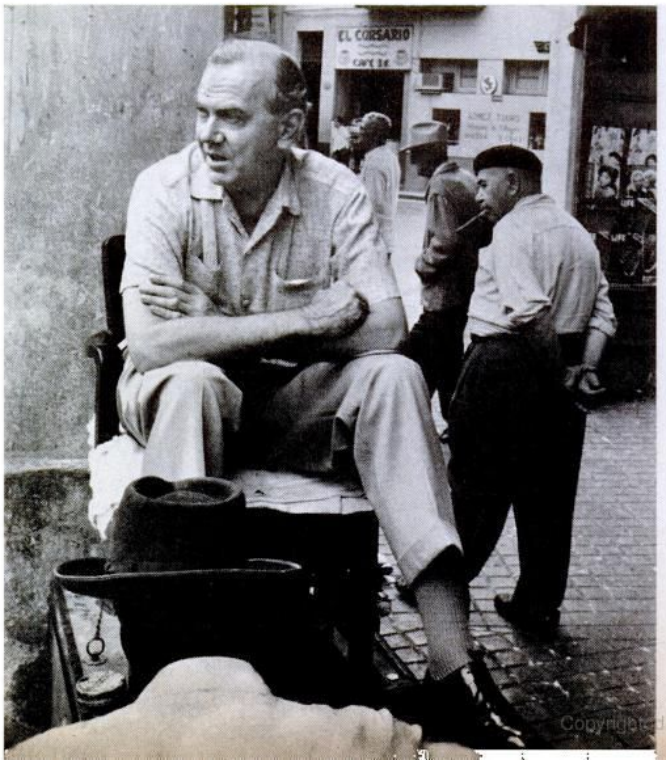
▸ I'm not a religious man, though it interests me. Of all my books only four are about Catholicism. Religion is important, as atomic science is. Space hasn't influenced my views of religion. I don't look for God up there, do you? He's not up there. He's down around here.

▸ Freud is one of the saints of our time. He had a heroic life and a heroic death. He lost practically his whole jaw but still refused drugs, saying, "I want to finish my work—I'll tell you when to give me drugs." When he could no longer bear the pain he asked for a small, legitimate, easy dose, and it killed him.

▸ During the Blitz one loved London particularly. Awful as the war was, one is nostalgic for the feeling of that period. The city became a series of villages. During a blackout you could see the stars and the moon, even on Oxford Street, and flares dropping like chandeliers. In the morning there was the sound of broken glass being swept up. It wasn't white, as you'd think, but blue-green.

▸ The only city I'd be sorry to leave in the United States is San Francisco, where I have a feeling of being near home I never get in New York. New York gives me a feeling of suppressed mayhem. I always remember a shop on West 45th Street which sells nothing but instruments of flagellation—scourges, paddles, birch rods. It's a bit alarming.

▸ What one reads doesn't influence one as much as where one is. Still, a great many writers have had their effect on me. The serious ones, I guess, were Ford Madox Ford, Joseph Conrad and Henry James, whose critical prefaces I particularly liked. He was my idol, but to say he influenced me is a bit absurd—like saying a mountain influenced a mouse.



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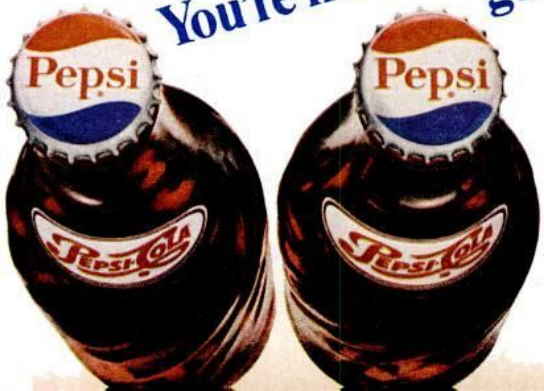

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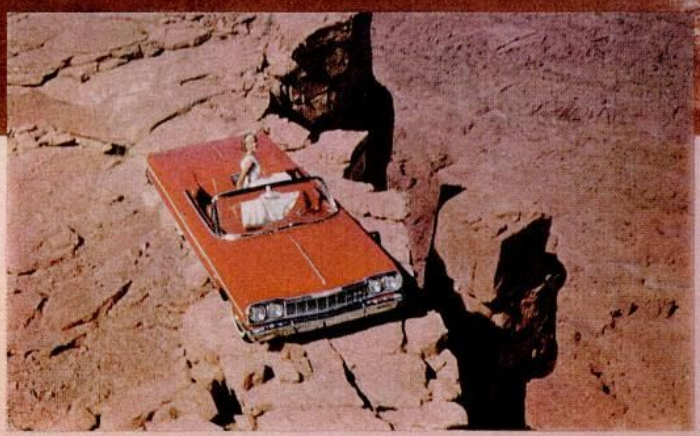
staying ahead

THE CHEVROLET WAY

DEMO VERSION



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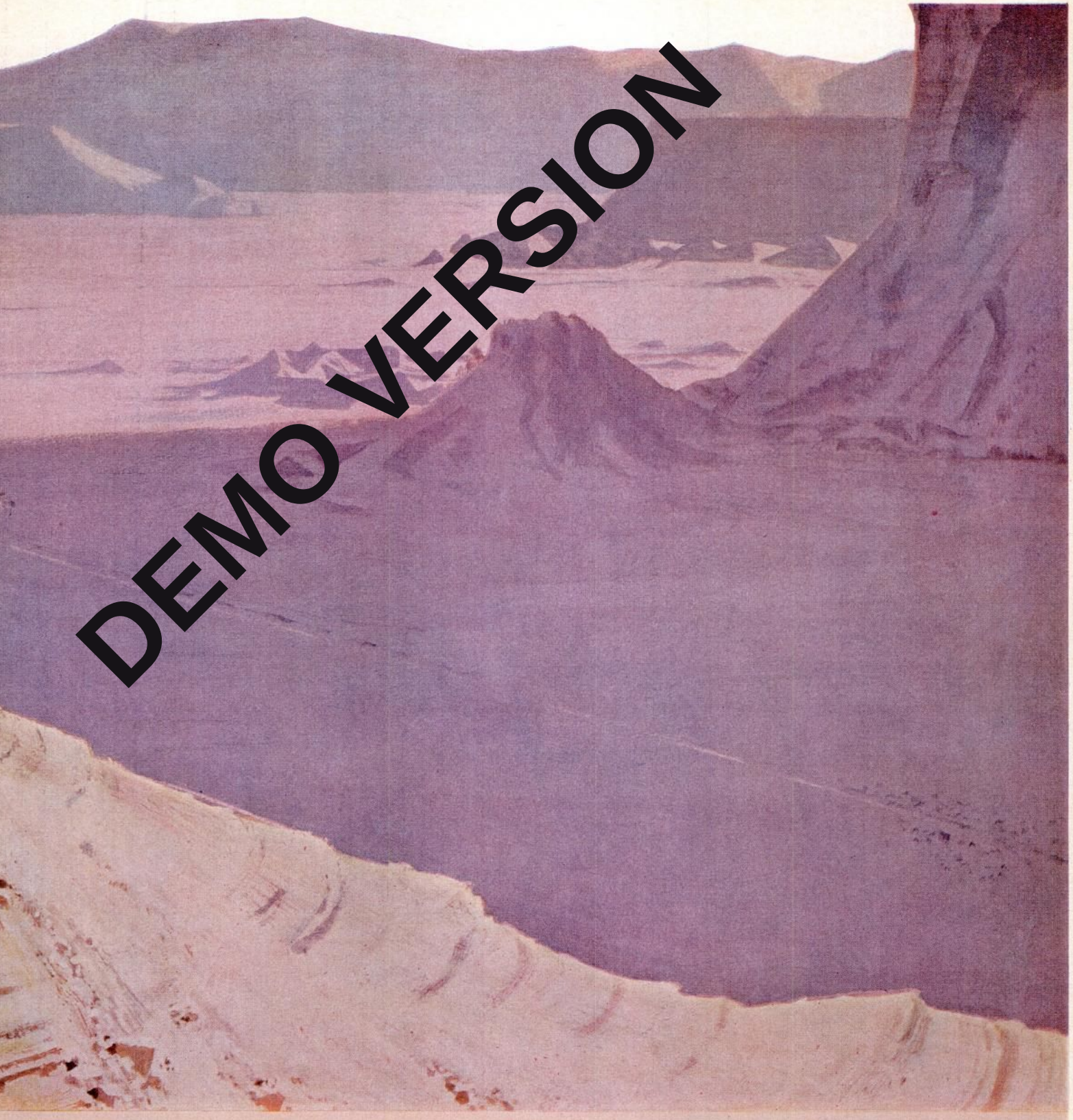

DEMO VERSION

An unforgettable sight that symbolizes an attitude □ Maybe you recall this TV commercial, a Chevrolet poised atop Castle Rock near Moab, Utah. It symbolizes an attitude, summed up in three words "The Chevrolet Way". It's a restless search for the new, a keen concern over quality, a fierce pride in leadership. It's careful manufacturing, bold new styling, far-out research. For you it's on-the-road performance, comfort, greater safety, and resale value. 23 million people who own Chevrolet products know what we mean. Drive a '66 Chevrolet, Chevelle, Chevy II, Corvair or Corvette and see how it feels to go the Chevrolet Way.

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

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DEMO VERSION

As civilization moves in, Easter Island becomes a unique laboratory

Isle of Stone Heads

Photographed by CARL MYDANS

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DEMO VERSION

Jutting out of the vast South Pacific a thousand miles from anywhere, ringed by raging surf and far from shipping lanes, Easter Island is one of the loneliest places on earth. Since the ancient Polynesians landed there more than a millennium ago, it has been visited mostly by adventurers and by archaeologists who have been fascinated by its famous stone statues—huge heads hewn out of rock centuries ago to honor ancestral islanders. The seven above, 14 feet tall, have been propped back up on their foundations.

Now Easter Island is about to be jetted into the 20th Century. Chile, which owns the island, plans to construct an airport there as a way station for planes flying to Australia. The planes will bring in the outside world and transform the islanders' simple ways. Scientists were excited by this news. The island provided a natural laboratory where they could conduct a large-scale before-and-after study of the medical effects of modern civilization on an isolated people. Last year an international medical expedition, backed by the Canadian government, went to Easter Island to make thorough physiological tests on the islanders—the "before" part of the study. With them went LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans whose word and picture report is presented here. He found the people (*next pages*)—descendants of the men who carved the statues—friendly, quick-minded and graced with a charming Polynesian beauty.

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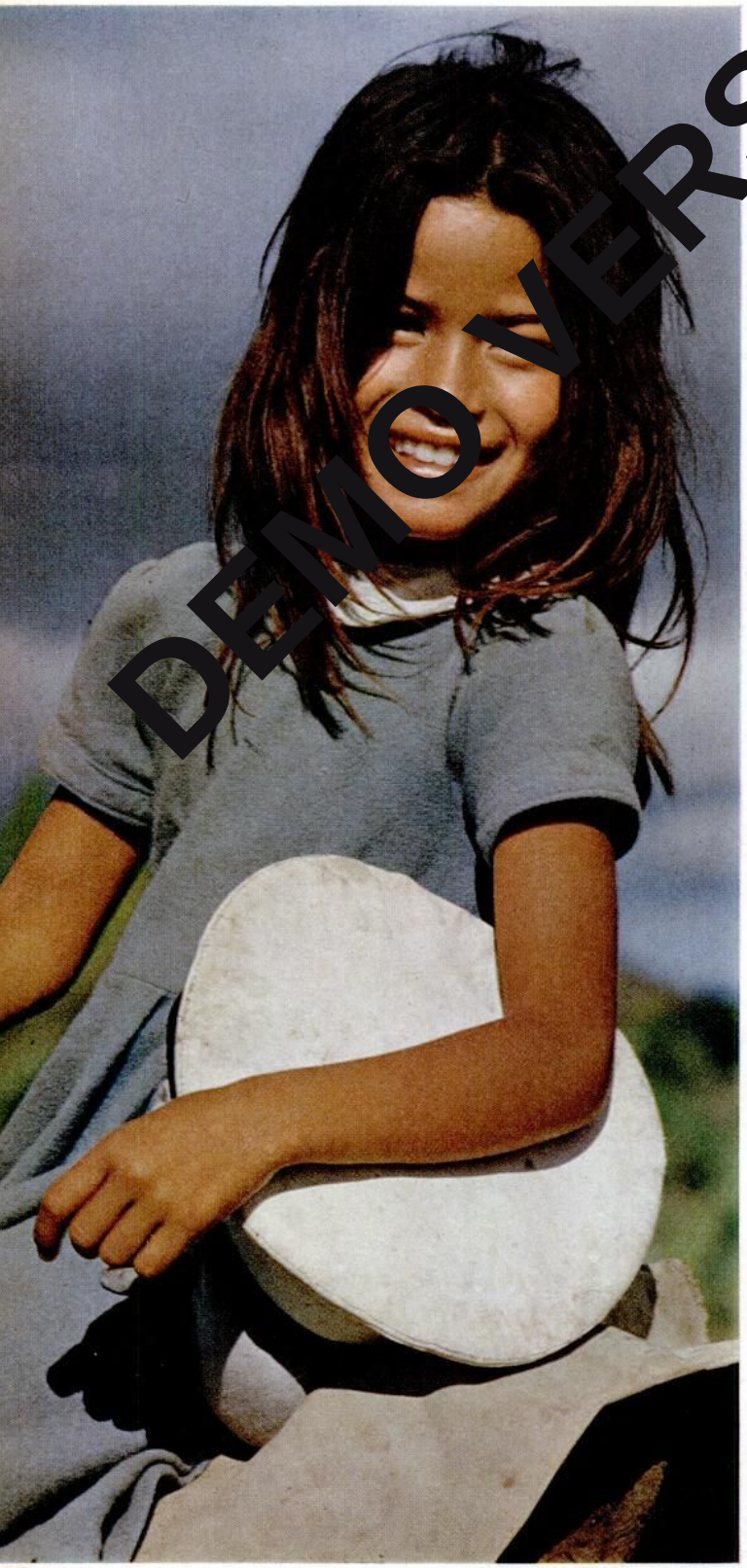
These are descendants of the ancient stone carvers

The Living Faces

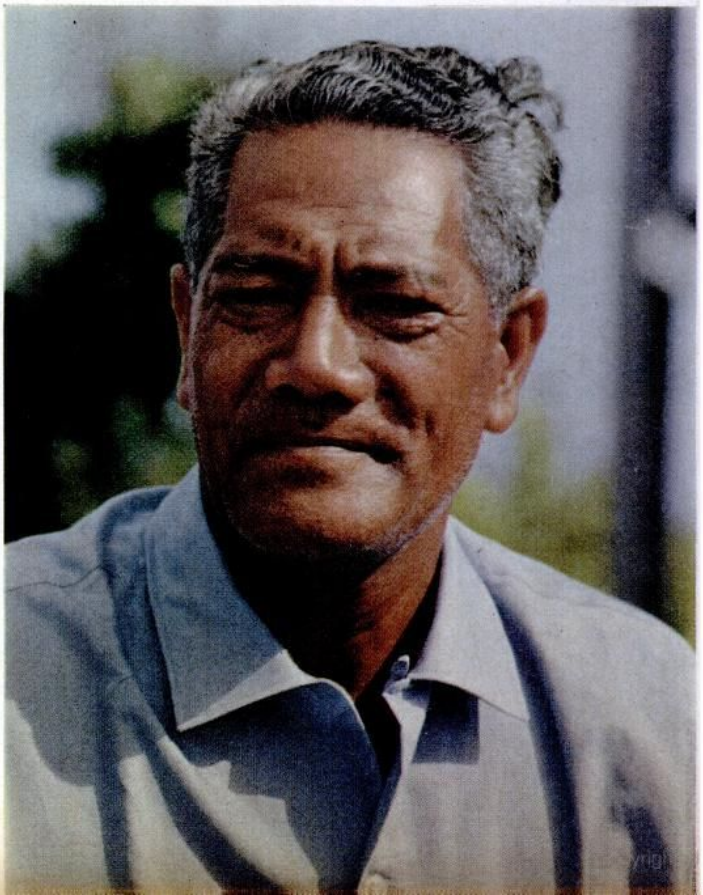
DEMO VERSION



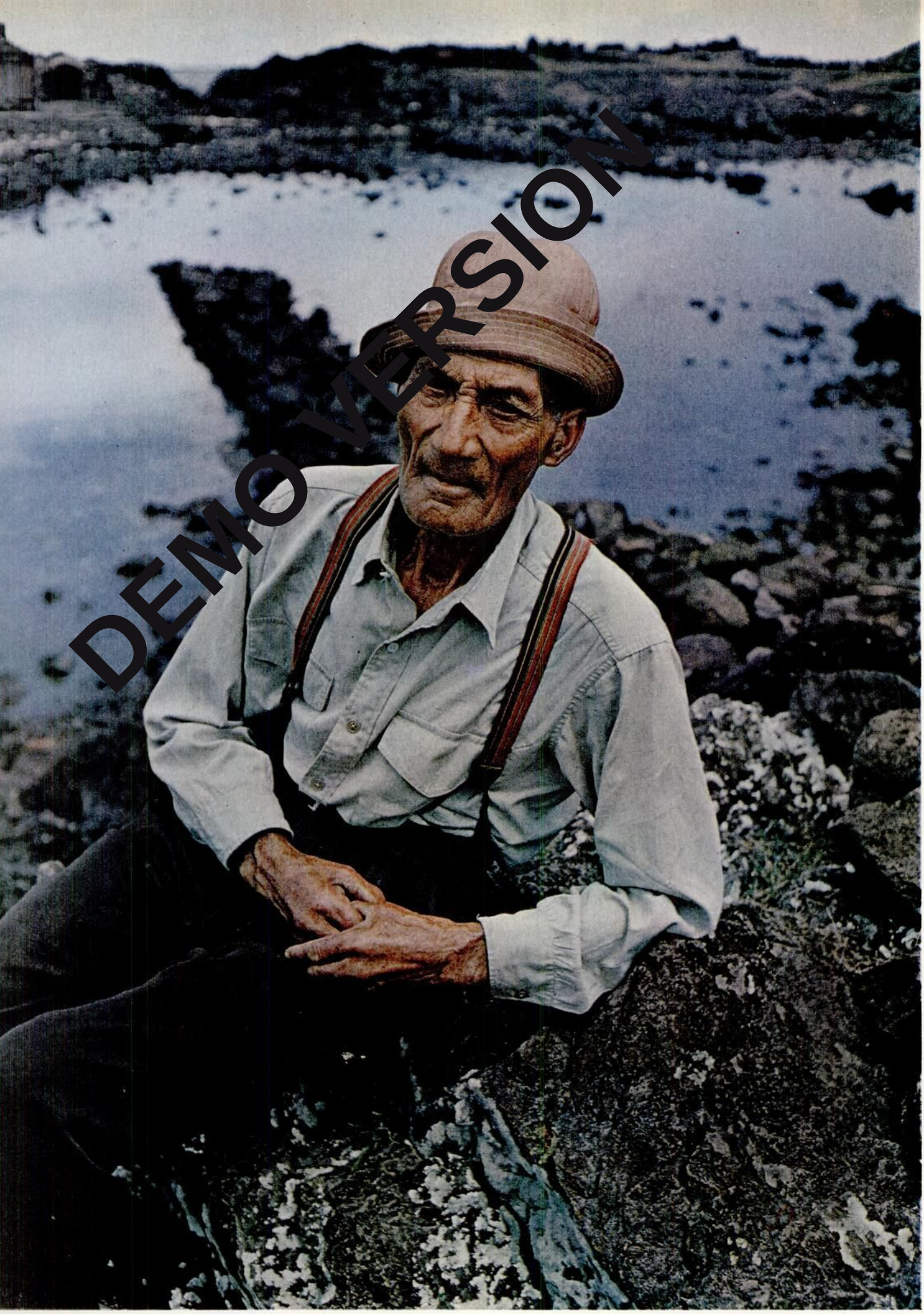
Claudina Tepano, 11, is one of nine children—seven girls and two boys—of a couple just past 30.

Maria Teresa Tuki, 17, is half Chilean. Like many of the island girls her age she is already married.

Casimiro Paoa Brunier, gardener and odd-job man, traces his name to a 19th Century French adventure



Santiago Pakarati catches fish for a living, bartering them for vegetables —little money is used on island.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Victoria Atamu, 75, is one of the few elderly people living on the island. In 1862 the island's population was decimated by slave raiders and the smallpox they brought, and dropped to 111. Now it is back up to nearly 1,000.

His hair still wet from a swim, Marcos Antonio Haoa displays a tiny halfbeak he has just plucked from the sea. It had been stunned by a poison which expedition zoologists were using to collect marine specimens.

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DEMO VERSION

Easter Island has a gentle climate, but most of its 45-square miles are covered with a poor rocky soil supporting only grass, good for little but raising sheep and horses. The few clumps of eucalyptus trees were planted to shade the sheep. There are only a few cars on Easter Island and the islanders normally get around on horseback.

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Expedition to an Idyll

by CARL MYDANS

DEMO VERSION

The idea for METEI—Medical Expedition to Easter Island—began more than three years ago in Montreal, when Dr. Stanley Skoryna read in a newspaper that the Chilean government had decided to build a jet airstrip on Easter Island. For many years Dr. Skoryna, director of the Gastro-Intestinal Research Laboratory at McGill University, had been exploring an elusive relationship between people of certain blood types, their stomach secretions and their susceptibility to stomach cancer and peptic ulcers. But he found it almost impossible to pinpoint the connection in a complex animal society where so many uncontrollable variables intervene: the subject's diet, his occupational environmental state and his genealogy—ranging only a few.

What Dr. Skoryna, or any scientist engaged in similarly complex research needed was a closed, isolated society with birth and death records, whose every member could be examined and tested by the whole range of modern medical techniques, where environmental and hereditary factors could be separated. And, ideally, this microcosm should then be opened to the 20th Century, which would bring changes that could be recorded in a later comparative study.

And so, here was Easter Island: compact, isolated, with a population sufficiently educated to cooperate with scientists—and it was about to be plunged into modernity. It was a perfect site for his study.

But Dr. Skoryna realized that the scientific opportunities ranged far beyond his own limited project, and the expedition he pulled together after two years of work was a big one with wide interests. It was made up of 38 doctors and scientists of seven different countries (including the U.S.) and nine different disciplines: bacteriology, virology, ecology, epidemiology, physiology, parasitology, anthropology, pathology and sociology. There were also two veterinarians, a dentist, translators, secretaries, technicians and a retired Canadian air vice marshal in charge of logistics. The Canadian government agreed to support METEI, and the World Health Organization contributed to the expedition. The Chilean government gave its enthusiastic cooperation. And, finally, METEI became a pilot project for the International Biological Program, which proposes to study human adaptability in different environments.

Since there is no commercial transportation of any sort to Easter Island, the Canadian navy detached the 11,000-ton mobile repair ship *Cape Scott* to carry METEI to its destination. Loaded with 150 tons of medical paraphernalia, we sailed through the Panama Canal and out into the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas. Jacob Roggeveen, the Dutch mariner, had sailed these seas nearly 250 years before, coming upon the island on Easter Sunday, and so giving it its name.

It is a timeless sea and the mood it cast upon us could not have been much different from that cast over him: a vastness so empty that we did not see another vessel during our entire voyage; trade winds so steady that the sea's trough never flattened (though surely Admiral Roggeveen sailed at a better clip in his 120-foot *Arend* than we, wallowing along at under 10 knots in our old World War II Victory ship); and only the stars to steer by, for this region of the ocean remains one of the few where radio navigational beams have not yet been directed.

Easter Island—2,300 miles west of Chile and 1,200 miles east of Pitcairn—is a point in the world that one must still approach on its own terms, as though through an earlier century. There is no pier where ocean-going ships can draw up and unload. They must still stand offshore in unsheltered waters, changing anchorage from wind to wind, as the lee of the island affords protection, and transfer whatever cargo they have into tiny lighters, which then ferry it in to the island's single small jetty. Sometimes visiting ships must wait for days for the seas to subside; tour ships pass Easter from time to time, but they have no heart to put their passengers ashore for fear a sudden change of sea may make it unsafe—or impossible—

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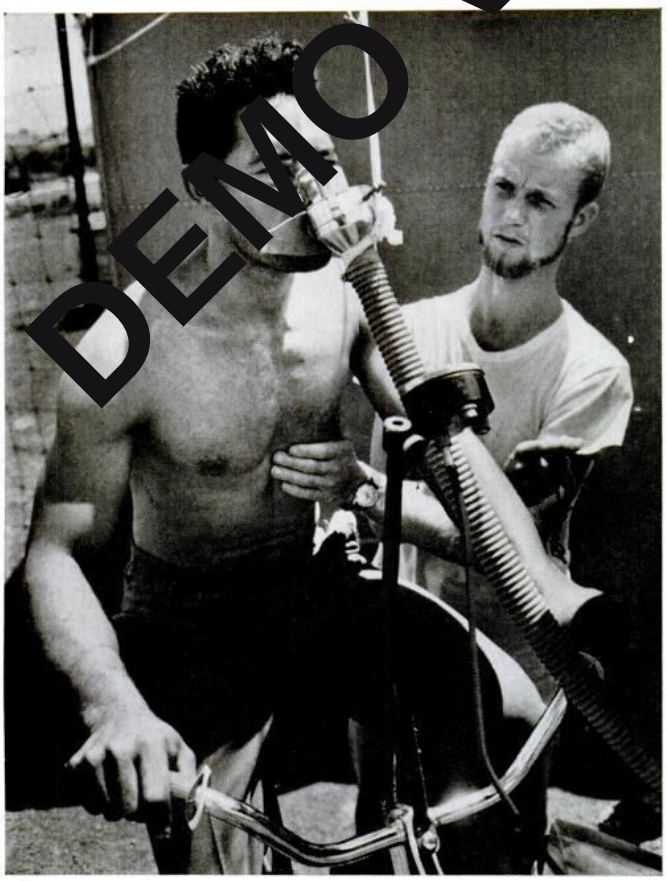

On Easter Island the expedition doctors enlisted every one of the 949 natives into their medical studies. Above, Swedish physiologist Bjørn Ekblom (right) *conducts a physical fitness test on Agusto Teao to determine the maximum physical work of which he is capable. Teao pedals a stationary bicycle while breathing through device which measures oxygen consumption. At right, another islander wears a similar breathing device while moving oil drums in test of his normal level of physical work.*

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DEMO VERSION

Take home the loot: **Welch's® Candies.** Take home the **Junior® Mints** . . . watch out for Grandma, she'll steal 'em right out of the grocery bag. Take home the **Nut Fudge** . . . Dad would have helped with the robbery had he known it was part of the loot. And by all means, take home some **Sugar Daddy® Juniors**—the kids'll be the first ones to eat stolen goods. Hurry, hurry to the supermarket today . . . the Great Candy Robbery has candy for the whole family.

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The Long Ears and Short Ears

EASTER ISLAND

CONTINUED

to pick them up again. So, slowly and laboriously, our supplies were first put over the side of the *Cape Scott* into the two landing craft we had brought with us and then shuttled into the stone jetty at Hanga Piko.

A road leads from the landing place to the village of Hanga Roa, where all the islanders save a few shepherds and fishermen live. In the village itself, meandering dusty lanes lead through the rural settlements of long ago. But apart from these there are no roads on Easter—only the beaten tracks across the grasslands. But this is no problem for the Pascuenses—in Spanish the island is called Isla de Pascua, Island of Easter—for they live in a horse society, riding about on their steeds much as the American Indians did on our prairie lands. They ride bareback, like our prairie Indians, too, many of them barefoot, or simply sit on a side of a sack, and often with only a piece of rope tied around the horse's neck to guide it. The children are so young that sometimes they must mount a horse by leading it to a stone wall, from the top of which they can grab the horse's mane and pull themselves aboard. A Pascuense will sit for half a day on a horse, going nowhere, having nothing to do, much as we might sit on a rocking chair or a porch.

Easter Island is mountainous and its wild grassy slopes are strewn with volcanic boulders. Most of the land is covered with coarse grazing grass on which the Chilean government raises 38,000 sheep. A few of the islanders work on the ranch, another handful have jobs with the Chilean navy and air force, which have weather stations there. Otherwise there is no paid employment for the islanders. They fish for tuna, crayfish and lobster and they tend their gardens and they carve wooden images, which they trade to infrequent visitors. All in all, they live easy lives in one of the most blessed climates in the world. Once a year a ship dispatched by the Chilean Navy comes to Easter Island. It brings supplies—staples and basic manufactured goods for the government-owned store—and takes back to Chile the wool from the government-owned sheep ranch. The Chilean government provides free medical service and free lamb at intervals from the ranch slaughter house. Two acres of land cut from the grazing area go as a gift to each newly married couple, and the canned food and other household needs available to the islanders at the government commissary, though limited in variety and frequently in short supply, are also sold below cost.

The origins and early history of the Easter Islanders are lost in the myths of antiquity, but the [illegible] are of Polynesian stock who came from the west, according to [illegible], in two great canoes led by a king named Hotu Matua.

The most important of their legends, perhaps, tells of the war between the Long Ears and the Short Ears. The island was ruled by the Long Ears, a people who pierced their ear lobes and stretched them to such a length that sometimes they had to loop the lobes up over the tops of their ears to get them out of the way. It was the Long Ears who built the *ahu*, or mausoleums, which are scattered around the island, and it was they who carved and set upon their *ahu* the huge long-eared stone statues for which the island is noted. The Short Ears, it is said, were slaves of the Long Ears until they rebelled and slew almost all their masters. Today there still are a few families on the island who trace their heritage to the Long Ears. They talk about it in much the same way some Americans brag about their forebears who came over on the *Mayflower*.

Very nearly all the Easter Islanders' early contacts with the outside world were disastrous. For more than a century and a half after the arrival in 1722 of Admiral Roggeveen—whose sailors shot down the curious natives with the first guns they had ever seen—no nation cared very much about Easter Island. Spain had a vague claim but never exercised it; the French sent missionaries from Tahiti. But until Chile annexed the island in 1888, the only people with a continuing interest in Easter were the slave traders, and from them the islanders learned that they might expect suffering whenever the white man came.

The last of the slave raids, in fact, very nearly depopulated the island. In 1862 a Peruvian flotilla arrived off Hanga Roa village and carried away nearly a thousand men and women to work in the Peruvian guano deposits. But by then slave raids were widely condemned in the civilized world. After many months, French pressure forced the Peruvians to agree to return the islanders. Hardship and mainland diseases, to which they had no immunity, left only a hundred to be taken aboard ship for the return journey. Of these, only 15 survived the voyage back—and they

CONTINUED

DEMO VERSION

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Easter: 'The Navel of the World'

EASTER ISLAND

CONTINUED

stepped ashore, only to spread smallpox. When that disease had run its course, 111 men, women and children were left alive on the island. The descendants of these 111 are the natives of Easter Island today.

The people are intelligent and enormously curious and seemingly just waiting to burst into a smile. And they are always quick to lend their shoulders if there is anything to be pushed or lifted or carried. But perhaps more than anything I was impressed by their deep inner strength.

There was a leper on the island (leprosy is not uncommon among the Pascuenses). His name was Gabriel Veri Veri, and he had neither feet nor hands nor could he control eyelids to shield his eyes. He had lost the sight of one eye by exposure, and one of the METEI doctors, a plastic surgeon from Washington, D.C. named Garry B[illegible] was attempting to save the other by transplanting face muscle to the eyelid. It was a long and painful operation and part way through Dr. Brody called out to the interpreter, "Ask him if this is hurting him."

"Yes," replied the leper.

"Tell him we are almost done," said Dr. Brody. "Assure him that we are nearly finished."

"Oh please don't be concerned," answered the leper. "For I am a very strong man."

The Pascuenses speak of their homeland as Te Pito te Henua ("the navel of the world"), and their language, which is within the Polynesian family, is called Pascuense. In school they are taught Spanish. They also have a smattering of other languages, brought to them by sailors and scientists and adventurers over the years, but in most cases they have only a few words. The use of these words leads you to think that their knowledge is more extensive than it is, and your opening conversation with them might begin in comfort in the language in which they greet you, because it is your own or one with which you are familiar. Then, after you have gone on for a while, you realize that they haven't understood anything that you've said.

But this is no cause for exasperation. It is merely that they like you. They love—in fact, they worship—foreigners and things foreign. The use of foreign words is more often an act of pride with them than a tool of communication.

We discovered this when we first landed on the island. As we approached, a crowd gathered to wave and shout at us, and as we came alongside the dock we were astonished and delighted to make out [illegible] words. "Hello, my friend," they called out over and over.

As I stepped ashore [illegible] old [illegible] took me by the arm [illegible] with great excitement: "M[illegible]nch! [illegible] French!" I quickly learned [illegible] were his only words of English and that he spoke [illegible] French at all. But he was, in his own [illegible] French and therefore foreign. And there we stood, fellow foreigners, shaking hands and beaming at each other.

The Pascuenses had been prepared for our coming by the island's governor, Navy Commander Jorge Portillo. When we arrived we received an endorsement from the island's doctor, Guido Andrade, a lieutenant in the Chilean navy who was just finishing a two-year assignment there. Andrade was an intense, gray-eyed man who had been a career medical officer for 10 years during which he had been in the U.S. for three years, as a fellow at the Mayo Clinic and as a resident-surgeon at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. But in his years on Easter Island he had fallen in love with the natives and their ways. He had become more Polynesian than the Polynesians themselves—kicking off his shoes, cooking in the ground, dancing their dances and generally wrapping himself in the aura of the South Seas. He had also taken on something of the islanders' resentment of the thoroughgoing though paternalistic Chilean authority. And, as we were to learn later on, the Chileans were quite aware of his attitude. But apart from Father Sebastian Englert, the Capuchin priest, who is 77 and has been on Easter Island for 30 years, Dr. Andrade was the most beloved foreigner there.

Dr. Andrade recognized at once the importance of METEI and, soon after our arrival, on the eve of his departure, he stood before the entire community, which had gathered to say goodby to him, and placed his arm around Dr. Skoryna's shoulders. "These are good men I leave you with," he told the islanders. "Their work is also my work. It is not only good for you, but it is good for all the people of the world. Believe in them and help them."

The Pascuense mayor of the island followed Dr. Andrade's lead. And Father Sebastian, whose word was taken as gospel, not only supported the

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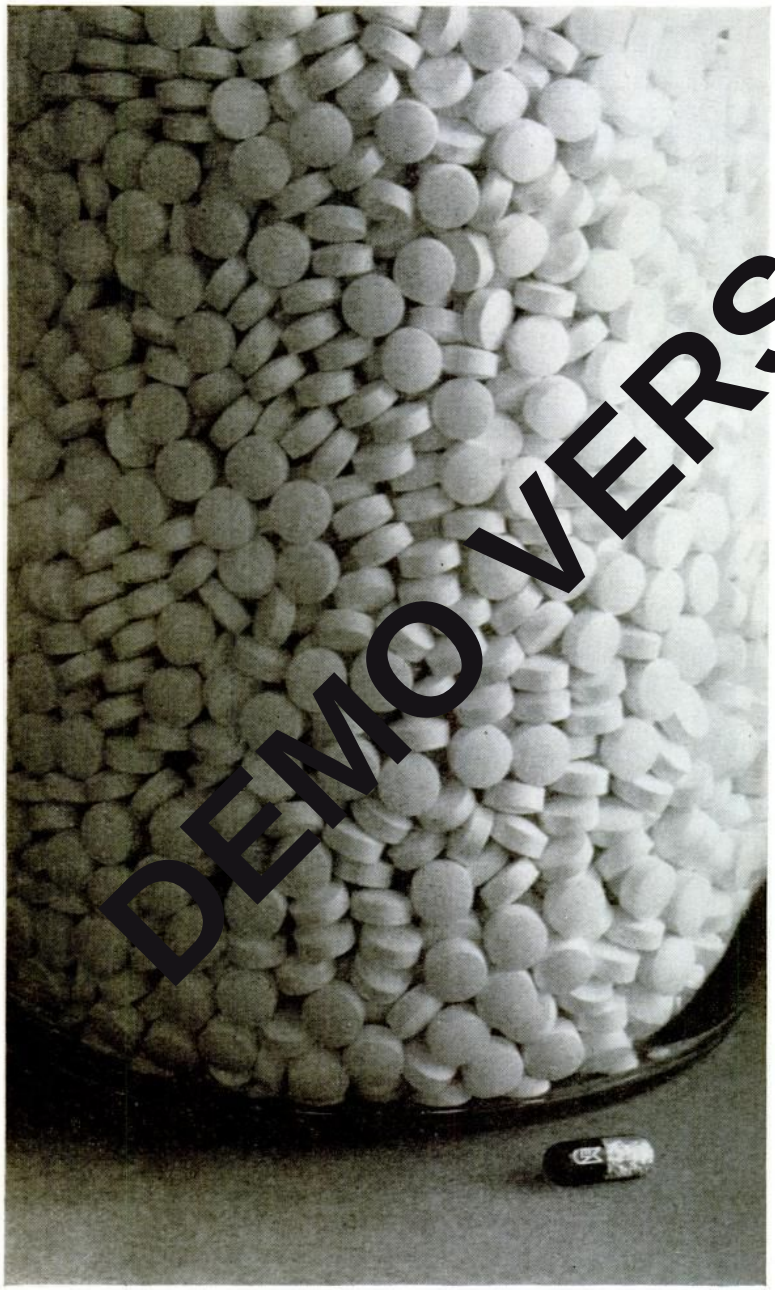

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Mr. Deep Breath and Mrs. Dream

EASTER ISLAND

CONTINUED

project but made a point of visiting our encampment frequently to encourage some of the old folks who were not at all sure that METEI was for them.

The compound was the heart of the METEI project. Here the medical examinations were carried out and here the people came in family groups, dressed in their Sunday best, some carrying their babies, some followed closely by a circle of children, all of them quiet and strikingly well mannered, shyly glancing here and there but clearly missing nothing. They put themselves trustingly into the doctors' hands and did all the strange things asked of them. They did not ask questions as they downed the tumblerfuls of glucose water. They came forward eagerly to have identifying numbers pinned to their shirts and frocks. They were proud to stand before the Polaroid cameras and the X-ray machines, quick to present their arms to give blood, and uncomplaining when the doctors probed, took smears and measurements. They rode to near exhaustion on a stationary test bicycle that calibrated their stamina, a rubber mouthpiece and tube distorting their faces while a physiologist stealthily tightened the drag on the pedals from behind and another held a watch in front of their faces and urged them on faster and faster. And then they came back to see how their neighbors did on the machine and to shout advice on how to ride it better and faster.

The METEI project became a major event in the islanders' lives. They came to the *campamento* in the daytime just to watch and sit around and be there. And in the evenings they came to socialize with the expedition people, to examine their possessions and to trade for clothing, and almost anything that had to do with the outside world.

All of us were soon given names—not, in most cases, the names given us at birth. "Iorana" is the greeting on the island. As Archibald Wilkinson, the expedition's radiographer, passed along the village street they would call out, "Iorana! Senor Haka Naro Te Hango," "Hello! Mr. Take A Deep Breath."

"Iorana! Poike," they said to the young Swiss doctor, Denys Montandon, for he was the tallest member of METEI, and one of the island's prominent peaks is at Poike. And his wife Cleopatra, the sociologist who asked funny questions of everybody, including the funniest one of all: "Please tell me two of your dreams that mean something to you," became "Senora Mea Varva"—Mrs. Dream.

We had our troubles with their language, too. Lt. Mary King of the Royal Canadian Navy (she quickly became "Mellyking") whose job it was to receive the families arriving for their medical examinations, gave all the women and girls the same warm reception. "Hello, my female friend," she said in Pascuense to each of them. They were all so delighted at being addressed in their own language—so she thought—that it was a long time before she learned that she had been greeting them with "Hello, son of a horse."

Life on Easter Island was not nearly so casual as it appeared on the surface. Its mores and attitudes and its code of morals effect a much stricter control of the islanders' activities than is usually gathered from tales of the South Seas. When, for example, a camera was taken from the METEI compound—one of the few things stolen from the expedition—and the mayor was told of it, he called the village leaders together that very night and the next day the camera was returned without a word.

The Pascuenses code of sex life, which we have come to think of as "free," is not free at all by their standards, only by ours. The unmarried, for example, may engage in sexual activity if there is a serious and more or less permanent understanding, even though no marriage may result. If the relationship is serious, the suitor may spend the night with the daughter and be welcomed at breakfast by the mother and father. On the other hand, promiscuity and light sex-play is frowned upon.

Children born into marriages from an outside partner are wide of the code, just as in our society, and with approximately the same frequency. The Pascuenses do not, however, punish the innocent offspring as we punish ours. They are taken into the family with no accompanying stigma and loved with the same warmth as those of the legitimate line.

Illegitimate children born into marriages where the outside partner is a foreigner are not only accepted, they are especially welcome. They respect foreign genes to such a degree that a husband may seek out a foreigner, as some did METEI members, and ask him to share his wife.

John Edmunds, native son of Henry Percy Edmunds, who married a Pascuense and was a manager of the

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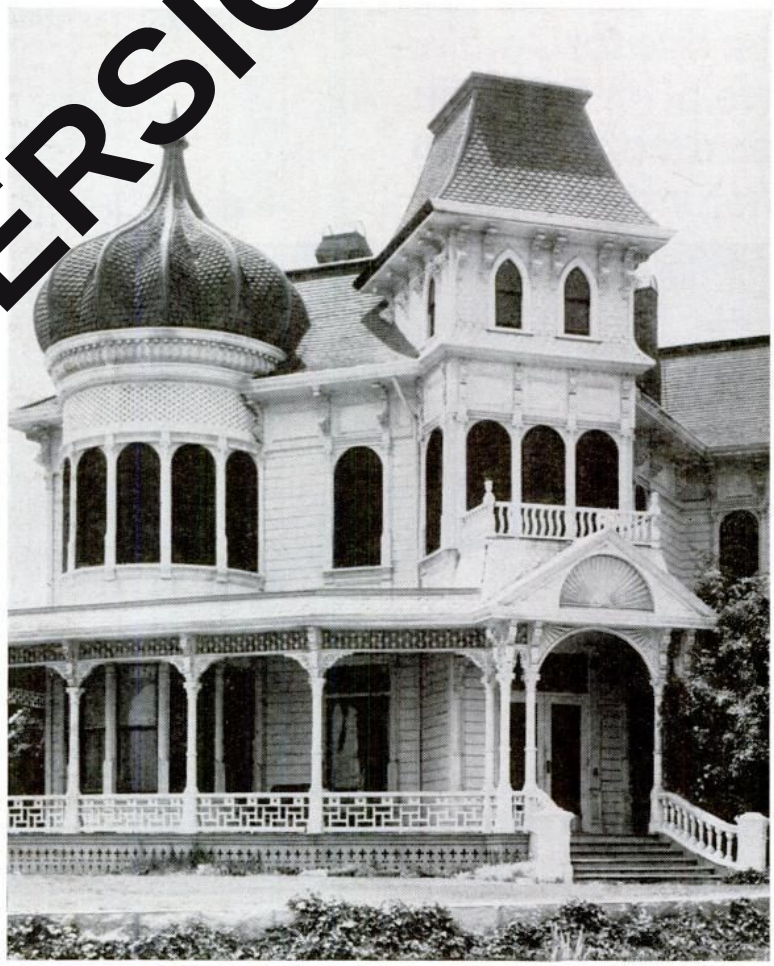

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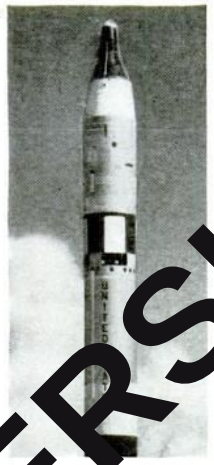

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EASTER ISLAND

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British-owned sheep ranch in the years before the Chileans took it over, said to me: "Unless you are of the blood of the Long Ears, it is best to have foreign blood. I work harder and better than other Pascuenses because I have English blood. That makes me strong."

Luis Atam is sustained by double magic. He traces his ancestors to the Long Ears and he also has German blood. "I am a Long Ear," he said, "and I am a strong man and harder worker and more perceptive because I am also part German. And my wife Blanca," he says, looking with appreciation at one of the prettiest women on the island, "is part French. You can see that our children will be very strong and very intelligent."

The religion of the island is Roman Catholic, first brought there a hundred years ago by a Catholic lay brother. Ninety-seven per cent of the population are regular churchgoers—perhaps the highest percentage of Christians attending regular Mass in any population in the world. No child is born without being baptized by Father Sebastian, nor does anyone die without his last rites. And no visitor who is not seen on Sunday mornings and on feast days at church may expect the full blessings of the islanders. Once a member of the expedition who was seeing a great deal of a Pascuense girl for whom he cared very much learned that her father did not care for him. He was disturbed and asked the girl, "Is it because your father thinks we have been too intimate that he does not like me?"

She seemed shocked that anyone might think that of her father. "Oh, no!" she told him. "It's because he never sees you in church."

Despite the strength of Catholicism on Easter Island, there remains among the Pascuenses a residue of ancient belief in spirits and of dark and fearful creatures seen at night and still openly referred to as *aku-aku*. "Look at him," one of them whispered to me with awe, nodding toward a leper when I was visiting the leprosarium. "The leprosy came on him because he walked on some land guarded by an *aku-aku*."

The Easter Islander does not marry into close family lines. In fact his taboo on this is even more exclusive than our own. He will not marry a second cousin or closer. One can only guess at the problems this created a hundred years ago when the population was down to 111 people. As late as 1950 an island boy broke this taboo and took the girl he loved, his second cousin, to live with him. Both families protested and his parents forced him into marriage with another girl. But in a few days he returned to his love. At this the uproar became so intense that he took the girl with him and set sail in a small boat for Tahiti. They were lost and have never been heard of since.

Even today, when the population numbers nearly a thousand, there are many who cannot marry because of this rule. Twenty-three-year-old Jorge Pate is an example. There are only three girls he might wed without breaking the island's prohibition against consanguinity. "And I don't want any of them," he says. "Some day, I guess, I shall have to leave the island to find a wife."

I have covered many revolutions and, until Easter Island, it never occurred to me that I would use the word "delightful" to describe one. But I had never before seen a revolution in Polynesia, and especially one with a Latin American ending.

We had actually landed, all unsuspecting, in the middle of it. Four elders run Easter Island under the governor's direction. Each year two new elders are elected and the older of the two holdovers becomes mayor.

A month before we arrived, however, the islanders had scored a coup. Under the very nose of the governor, and well before the appointed date, they had held an unauthorized election and chosen two young men as their new elders. The leader in this development was the island's new schoolteacher, a handsome young Pascuense named Alfonso Rapu. Alfonso had spent 13 years on the Chilean mainland acquiring both an education and a taste of the freedom of the outside world. When he returned earlier in the year, he was full of new ideas.

One night after the "election" Alfonso and German Hotu, the other new elder named by the islanders, walked into an elders' meeting presided over by Governor Portillo and announced that they were the new elders and that Alfonso was the new mayor. The governor is said to have shouted in reply: "This is a revolution!"

An uneasy stalemate prevailed on the island. But as the *Cape Scott*, having landed us and our equipment, was preparing to leave, two things happened that aroused the Pascuen-

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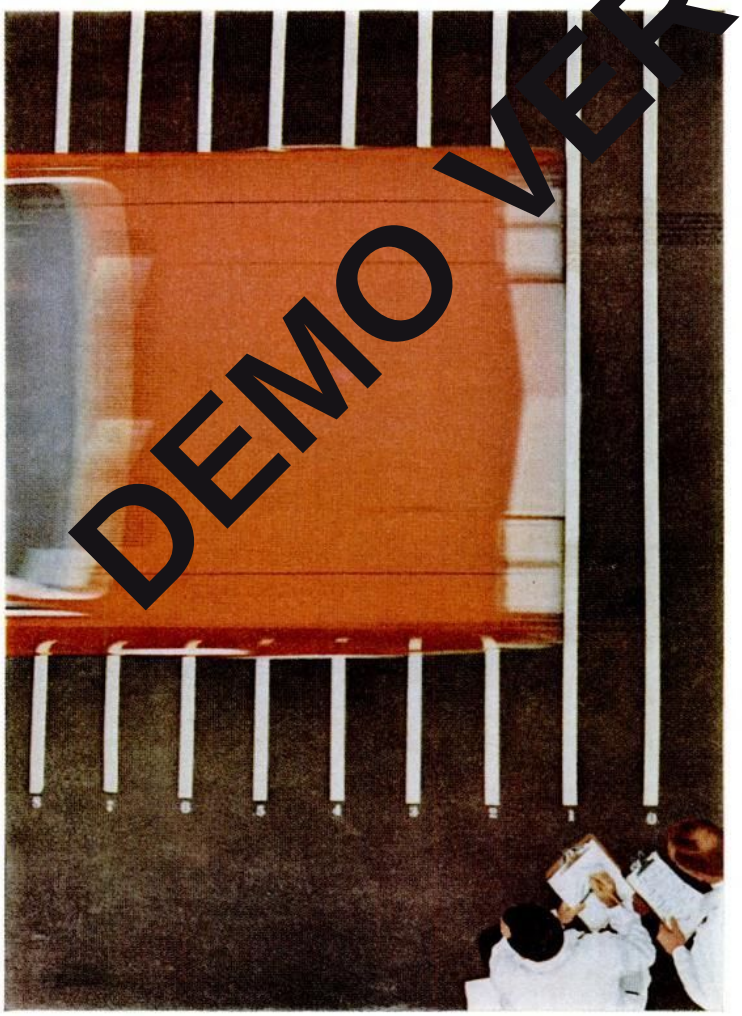

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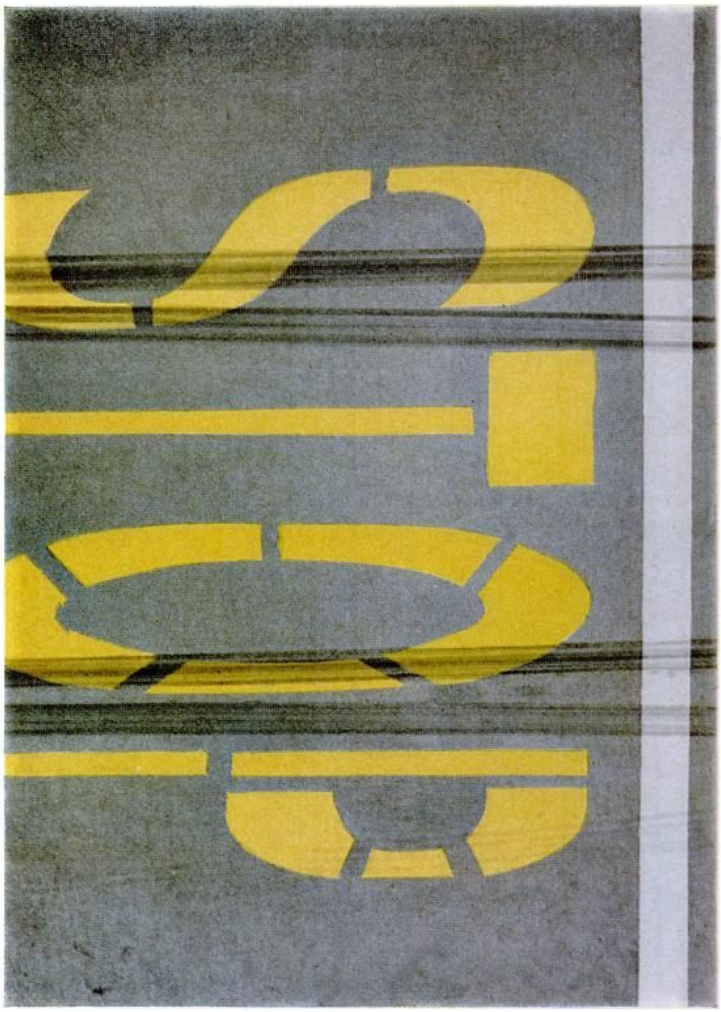

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FIRST AGAINST THIRST

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Trouble over an Adonis

EASTER ISLAND

CONTINUED

DEMO VERSION

ses. Dr. Andrade, who was known to be in sympathy with young Alfonso and at odds with the administration, was given sudden orders to pack up and leave. On top of that, another set of orders demanded that the island's bulldozer be loaded on board. The machine had been lent the island by the Valparaiso Public Works Department which for two years had been trying to get it back. But when the time came to drive it to the jetty, it was discovered that vital parts of the engine had been removed.

The Pascuenses, naturally, were delighted. "They have many bulldozers in Chile," they whispered to me. "Why should they take away the only one we have? Easter Island is as important as Valparaiso."

The governor took this defia[nce] most seriously. He threatened grav[e] consequences if the missing p[arts] not replaced immediate[ly] and [then] they were not he ord[ered] his men [to] to arrest Alfonso, w[hom] h[e] suspected of the sabotage, so th[at] he could be sent back to [Chile] for t[rial]. But Alfonso mad[e it] safely [to] the hills. The *Cape Scott* s[ailed] wit[hout] either him or the bulldoz[er].

Several days la[ter] the radio carried news that startled the island. A letter, addressed to the president of Chile and supposedly written by Alfonso and his friend German, had been smuggled to Valparaiso aboard the *Cape Scott*. The document pleaded with the president to give the Pascuenses more control over their own island. It was studded with such fearsome phrases as "beatings and lashings with chains," "limited freedom of speech," "living in constant threat." It also included a hint that if the islanders left Chilean rule, they could find happiness and dignity with French Polynesia some 1,500 miles to the west.

Newspaper stories about the "revolution" on the island ballooned into a national uproar in Chile. Rumor succeeded rumor—including tales that the governor and his entire family had been assassinated—until finally the Chilean government felt obliged to take some action. From the radio we learned that a marine assault unit had been put aboard the Chilean warship *Yelcho*, and that the island would be stormed.

The *Yelcho* arrived, hove to and sent 40 helmeted marines ashore in rifle squads backed by heavy weapons units. They made their landing at the Hanga Piko jetty and were met by the massed islanders—singing their beloved Polynesian song, *Makemake*. The women charged at the troops to hang flowered leis over their shoulders—they had some trouble in getting them over the helmets. And there was a lot of handshaking and kissing and hugging because Commander John Martin, who headed the landing assault, had been the previous governor of the island and Pascuenses never forget anybody who has been there, especially someone they liked. Moments earlier, Commander Martin had been prepared to fight a military engagement. With admirable aplomb, he switched his stance. The rest of his force—never having been among Pascuenses—seemed simply stunned.

At height of crisis, Alfonso Rapu, who had fomented the "revolution," came out of hiding and showed up in center of village, surrounded by admiring women.

Having "secured" the island, the navy began the second part of its job: investigating elements of the revolution and punishing its leaders. "I am now supreme authority on Easter Island," announced Commander Guillermo Rojas, the senior officer of the punitive naval force. "The rule of the elders is suspended." And while the military court sat and asked questions, units of marines rolled about the island in their newly landed jeeps, searching for the elusive revolutionary, Alfonso Rapu.

The people watched with sly joy. "They'll never find him," they told me. "Only Pascuenses know the caves. We've been hiding out in them since the days of Hotu Matua."

Then one morning Alfonso Rapu himself came marching down the main street of the village surrounded by hordes of women, all calling to him and looking admiringly at him, unable to resist touching him. For Alfonso is an Adonis. He walked directly to the house where the military court was in session and through the garden gate. The throng that had come with him stood in the road, poised and tense and silent. Out of the house came Commanders Rojas and Martin, each exclaiming as though his own son had come home, each throwing his arms about Alfonso, hugging him, while the gathered crowd murmured with delight and clapped. "What does it mean?" I asked. They all shrugged and looked happy.

Then the military court began to interrogate Alfonso and the island grapevine reported that ugly things were being said about him. The crowd of women sitting on the grass outside grew larger and some of them, weeping, said that Alfonso was going to be arrested and sent away to Chile.

Next night they all came screaming and pushing and circling across the field from the village toward the METEI encampment. Marines in battle dress were trying to hold them back, threatening them with rifle butts and screaming back at them. But it was no use. The whole milling mob of them popped open the main gate and crowded into the compound, shrieking to us for help. Pointing their fingers at the marines, they pleaded with us to send a quick message to the United Nations. They were almost all women, and in the very center of them was Alfonso Rapu, whom they had just seized from the military authorities and whom they were now shielding from the marines with their bodies amid a splendidly hysterical din.

Alfonso seemed to be in some sort of trouble. He was gasping, trying desperately to breathe, as though he had somehow been badly injured. But when one of the METEI doctors was allowed by the women to get

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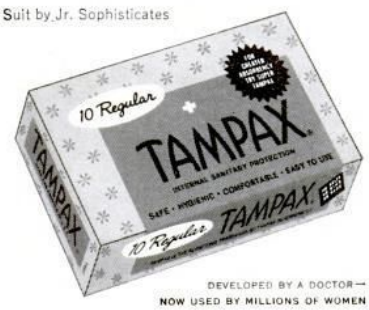

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EASTER ISLAND

CONTINUED

close to Alfonso to give him aid, he found that it was just a case of too many loving arms of too many loving women entwined too tightly and that the noted revolutionary was only trying to catch his breath. "There's nothing wrong with him," the doctor reported, "a great deal less serious than couldn't cure."

Commander Rojas was there, too, perspiring and panting from the exertion of running with and, at the same time, bucking the crowd which had carried him, willy-nilly, into our compound. Being the military commander and also a decent man, he was both embarrassed and frustrated by what was happening.

"It's an escape," he exclaimed to me. "We must retake him. But at the same time my marines must not strike the women. They must not knock them down with their rifles. They have behaved very badly. Look out there. There are women lying on the ground. They are unconscious and one of them is pregnant. I think that they have been hurt badly. Please, can you ask your doctors to help?"

Three METEI physicians rushed out and administered to the prostrate women. One of the doctors, Peter Beighton of London, came back to Commander Rojas. "They'll be all right," he said in that relaxed, professional tone doctors use to reassure.

"But their wounds! Are they badly hurt? Where were they hit?"

"They haven't been hit," answered the doctor, lowering his voice so as not to be heard by the islanders.

"Not hurt? Not hit?" Commander Rojas whispered back. "But why . . .?"

Dr. Beighton shrugged good naturedly. "Well, you know . . . women. . . . This is a dramatic situation and perhaps they feel they have their roles to play. . . ."

Commander Rojas sighed. He turned and called out to Alfonso, over the heads of the women who still encircled him. In a tired voice he said: "Please go home. You are free. You will not be sent to Chile. Only promise to come back tomorrow. Just for a little talk."

After he had gone, the doctors helped the women off the ground and into the expedition's truck. "We'll drive you home," one of the METEI people said. A lot of other women got in, too, and as the truck pulled away, they began to sing in their deep and lovely Polynesian voices.

The Chileans caved in. That week new elections were held. The slate was cleared and four new elders were chosen. The women, who had never voted before, cast their ballots too, and so naturally Alfonso Rapu got more votes than anyone else, and German Hotu was next. And that made Alfonso, at 22, the ranking elder; he became, therefore, the mayor of Easter Island.

So everything was tidied up, just as it was before the *Yelcho* came. And the *Yelcho* loaded all its marines again, and its weapons and its jeeps, and turned its head out to sea. The bulldozer, its running parts restored, stayed where it was. And the islanders stood above the lacy fringe of bursting surf, waving sadly. Easter Islanders are always sad to see any ship sail away.

With the revolution over, the METEI doctors and scientists settled down to their work again without distraction. On the very last day of those many weeks of examinations, Stanley Skoryna set out on a search across the island for the only inhabitant whom they had not yet examined. On the sweeping grasslands above Anakena Cove, he found Nelson Teao Hey, a 17-year-old shepherd boy who, with his flock, was wandering among the fallen statues, a solitary descendant of the mysterious past. He brought the expedition's project to the unhoped for—and perhaps never before attained—goal: a population study of 100 percentage points.

On a warm morning the *Cape Scott* came up over the horizon. Leaving our METEI establishment, cabins, the X-ray unit and a large part of our equipment behind for future scientists—and most of it for the island hospital—we loaded our samples and the precious slides and refrigerated cultures and blood samples back aboard the ship.

The night we sailed, the islanders burned fires all along the headlands. And we all stood on deck, quietly, watching them wave and kept watching until there was nothing left to see but tiny yellow lights in the sky.

What did we achieve on the Easter Island expedition?

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For the medical studies METEI even lined up the marines brought in to put down the revolution. Here the U.S. Public Health Service's John Cutler, taking throat swabs, tells them in pantomime, "Open wide, please."

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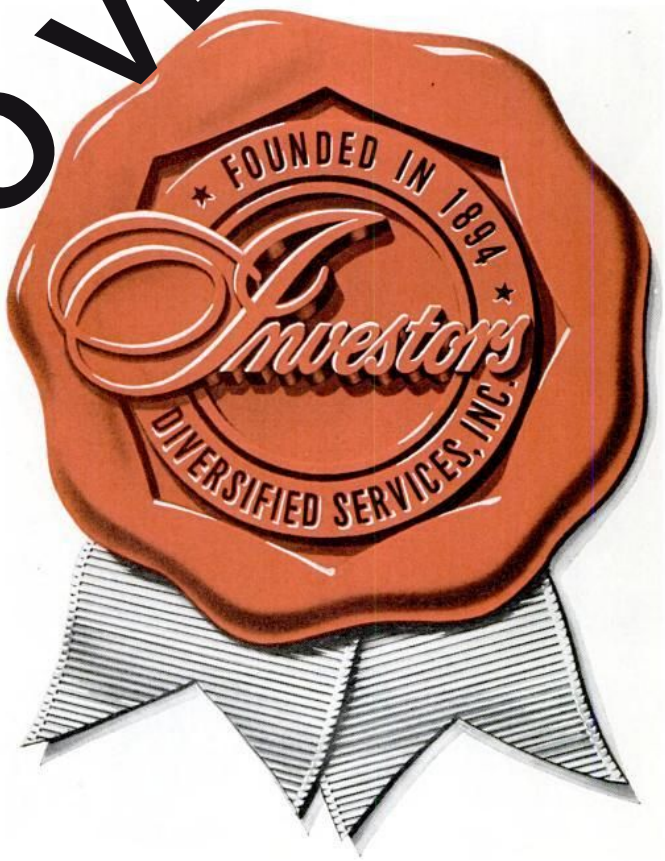

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In the show's big Savoy Ballroom scene, Paula Kelly (in red dress, at center) leads dancers through a wild jazz medley that scatters sequins in all directions.

Ready for the frenzied Savoy finale, Paula Kelly and singer Diahann Carroll (left) cuddle up to Duke Ellington at the piano. The Duke's band was once a regular attraction at the now defunct Savoy. At 66, he is the only artist on the show who plays himself. Rehearsing duet with Sammy Davis Jr. (far right), Diahann Carroll breaks up—fluffs line—as Sammy suddenly appears wearing a dancer's rose petal cap. The show evokes the era when Sammy's hoofer father was a "Mr. Wonderful" in his own right—but little known outside Harlem.

DEMO VERSION

A Big-Star Stomp through Oldtime Harlem

Never, not ever in your wrestling lifetime, was so much big-time entertainment talent crammed into so little an hour. Harry Belafonte had the original idea—a TV spectacular on Harlem in the gaudy days of the '20s. To put it in motion he cast himself in the role of TV producer and virtually impressed a galaxy of top Negro stars—Sidney Poitier, Sammy Davis Jr., Diahann Carroll, Nipsey Russell, Joe Williams, Gloria Lynne and George Kirby—to do it for a command performance.

What Belafonte set out to create was a sightseeing tour through the biggest big-city Negro cosmos—not the one of the bitter, troubled present but the one of the blithe bygone days when, as his scriptwriter, Poet Langston Hughes, puts it, "Every Sunday was Easter Sunday in Harlem" and folks would dress up in their finery and stroll around, eye the girls and catch up on the gossip. Belafonte's old friend Poitier performs as the tour-guide narrator, stopping in on such rituals as a rent party to save a family from eviction, street corner song-and-dance routines and a Savoy Ballroom finale (*left*) set to Duke Ellington's jazz. *The Strollin' Twenties*, soon to be shown by CBS, is a promenade through Harlem's lore, legends and way of life—a world that brought forth the very stars whose swinging get-together is quite plainly a labor of love.

Boss Belafonte urges his cast to evoke 'a dream folks keep dreaming again'

Diahann Carroll (above) joins with the Duke before singing her Savoy solo number, "It Ain't Any Gamblin'" man with a big bankroll, Nipsey Russell gleefully surveys the suckers in a backroom skin game at the rent party.

DEMO VERSION

Belafonte carefully blocks out a scene (left) *with his nattily spatted narrator, Sidney Poitier. Above, at the Savoy rehearsal run-through with Ellington, he folds up as the Duke offers him free piano lessons.*

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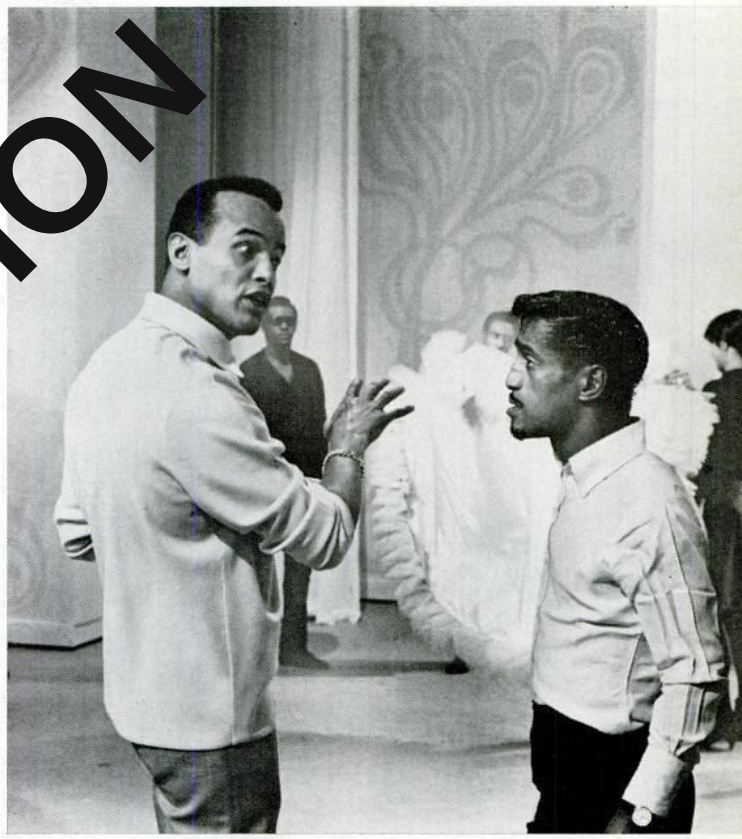

DEMO VERSION

Harlem's a dream. Folks keep dreaming again and again, wrote Langston Hughes, and Belafonte stepped in to *help his cast evoke the dream. With animated gestures* (above) *he shows Sammy Davis how to squeeze the humor from a production number,* Ain't Misbehavin'. *Then Sammy swings into a rehearsal with chorus girls* (below), *who heighten the surrealism with exaggerated flapper costumes and 1½-inch false eyelashes.*

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A son encounters his father's childhood

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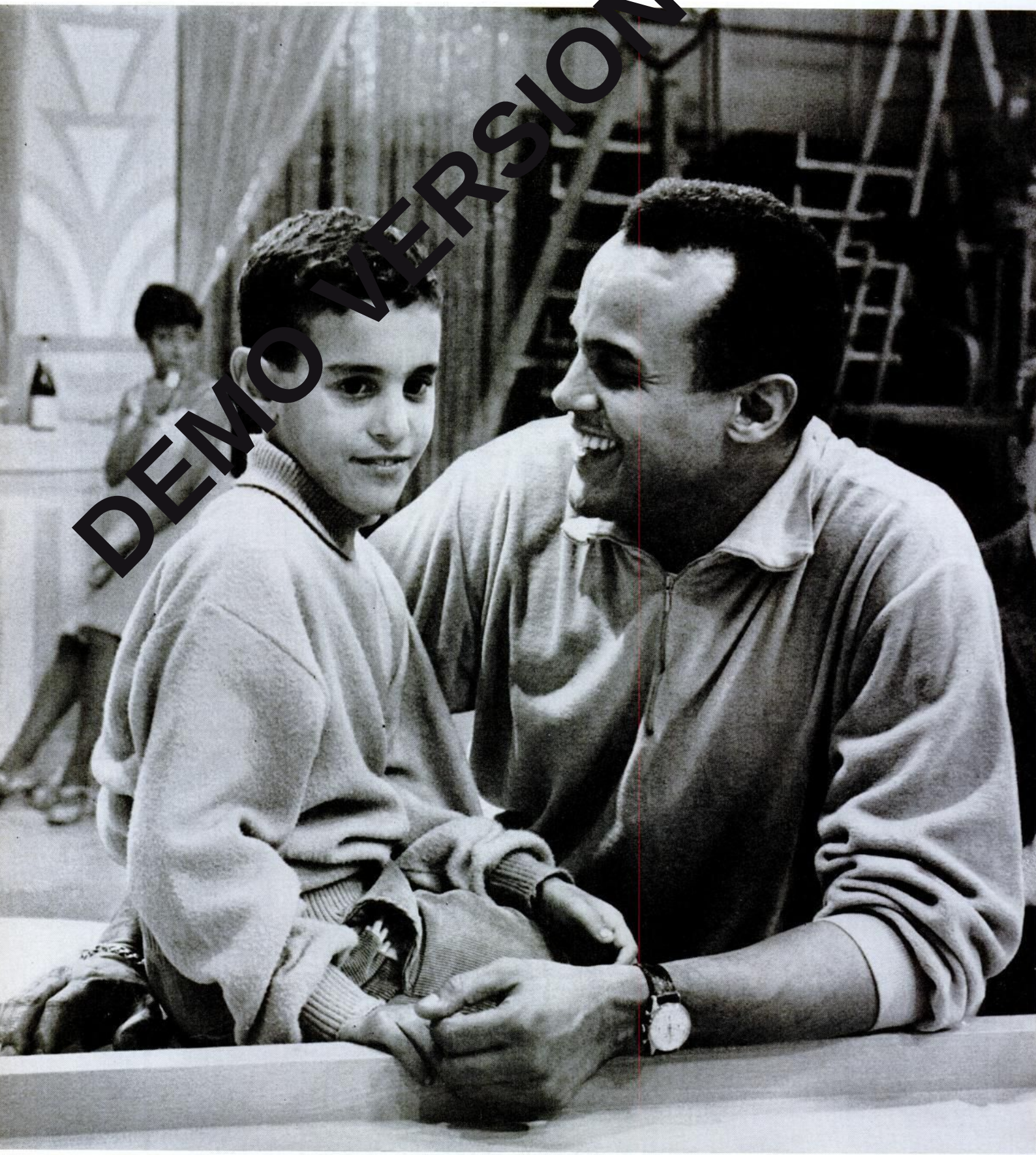

Belafonte's 8-year-old son David was born a few miles and a generation away from the Harlem in which his father spent the first eight years of his own life. Today David follows his father everywhere, even on world trips, and during the taping of the TV show came to soak up some of the flavor of his father's childhood.

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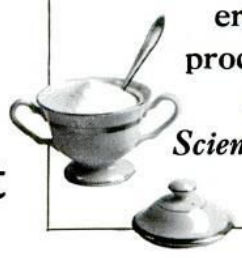

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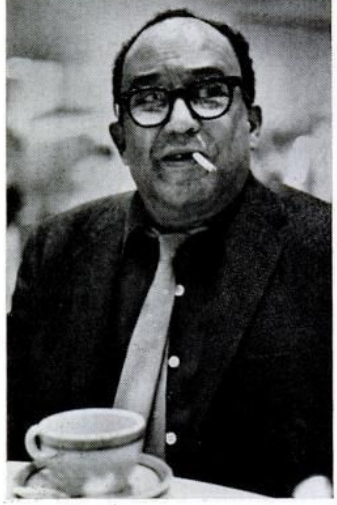
DEMO VERSION

'Will you have a good time? Yeah, man!'

What gave Harry Belafonte the idea for his show was *The Big Sea*, the 1940 autobiography of Langston Hughes. To Hughes, Harlem in the '20s was a self-contained village "spreading like a dusky sash" across Manhattan. It was also a cultural and artistic breeding ground for his people. "Put down the 1920s," he wrote, "for the rise of Roland Hayes, who packed Carnegie Hall, the rise of Paul Robeson in New York and London, of Florence Mills over two continents, of Rose McClendon in Broadway parts that never measured up to her, the booming voice of Bessie Smith and the low moan of Clara on thousands of records and the rise of that grand comedienne of song, Ethel Waters, singing 'Charlie's elected now! He's in right for sure!' Put down the 1920s for Louis Armstrong and Gladys Bentley and Josephine Baker."*

When Belafonte read this a year ago, it hit him like a jab in the face: how was it possible that the American entertainment audience knew virtually nothing about all this? "I've always felt," he says, "that television missed a splendid opportunity because it never reall did anything on Negro life."

As he saw it, there was actual a debt to history to be paid, a r cording of an untold chapter Americana. He would show Ha lem's street life in the easygoi days—not the contemporary ho tility. "We've had enough of that he says. "I found my own values the Harlem ghetto, and I want somehow to show that—and with touch of humanity."



Langston Hughes ruminates as he watches rehearsal of show recalling the Harlem he once knew. He spent six months collaborating with Belafonte on script.

Langston Hughes, himself ve much a part of the Harlem of t '20s, had vividly recalled tho days of humility and innocenc when neighbors and even strange were proud and happy to lend hand to each other and when Ha lem residents welcomed white tou ists who came to look in on the fu

"Then it was," Hughes wro "that house-rent parties began flourish—and not always to rai the rent either. But, as often not, to have a get-together of on own, where you could do the bla bottom with no stranger behi you trying to do it, too. The Satu day night rent parties that I tended were often more amusi than any nightclub, in small apa ments where God knows who liv . . . but where the piano wou often be augmented by a guitar an odd cornet, or somebody with pair of drums walking in off t street. And where awful boot whiskey and good fried fish steaming chitterling were sold very low prices. And the danci and singing and impromptu ent taining went on until dawn ca in at the windows. These part . . . were usually announced brightly colored cards stuck in t grille of apartment house elevato Some . . . were highly enterta ing in themselves:

'We got yellow girls, we've black and tan
will you have a good tim YEAH MAN!'"

At these gatherings Hughes m ladies' maids and truck drive shoeshine boys, seamstresses a

CONTINU

*FROM "THE BIG SEA" BY LANGSTON HUGHES. COPYRIGHT 1940 LANGSTON HUGHES. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF HILL AND WANG, INC.

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The final curtain over era of happy innocence

Blues singer Joe Williams w Belafonte's choice to express poignant moment. As a jobl husband—a characterizati based on Belafonte's own f ther—his pride is revived love and warmth of his famil

HARLEM
CONTINUED

porters. "I can still hear their laughter in my ears," he records, "hear the soft slow music, and feel the floor shaking as the dancers danced."

Belafonte saw at once that there was enough material here for a whole series of TV shows. The problem was to distill it into a single hour that could, at one and the same time, be as swiftly paced as a Savoy stomp and as leisurely as a back-room card game in the days when not everybody had learned how to hurry. He naturally hired Hughes as the scriptwriter to make the distillation.

In long sessions with Hughes, Belafonte explored Harlem lore of the '20s. "Harry is a compulsive perfectionist," recalls Hughes. "We went through six or eight drafts before we were satisfied." Where they thought the pacing demanded it, the dialogue was in verse, drawn from many of Hughes's poems of the day. For once, slang and dialect were essential features. The show had to be honest with itself on that score, even though it has long been considered bad form to mime Negro dialect on TV. Such honesty would have the added advantage of striking responsive chords in white people who had looked in on Harlem in those days.

For many whites did go to Harlem, and in so doing they helped to change it—and draw the final curtain over the ghetto's age of innocence. Hughes's book tells how:

"The lindy-hoppers at the S voy," he relates, "even began practice acrobatic routines, and do absurd things for the entertai ment of the whites, that probab never would have entered the heads to attempt merely for the own effortless amusement. Som of the lindy-hoppers had car printed with their names on the and became dance professors teac ing the tourists."

Shortly afterward, Harlem nigh life went completely commercia ". . . planned for the downtow tourist trade, and therefore dull, wrote Hughes. The decline ha already set in when the crash can in 1929 ". . . and the white pe ple had much less money to spen on themselves, and practical none to spend on Negroes." B the '40s, when Hughes wrote h book, "The old magic of the wor an and the piano and the night an the rhythm being one" had gon "But everything goes, one way another. The '20s are gone and lo of fine things in Harlem nightli have disappeared like snow the sun." In their television fa tasy, Belafonte and Hughes hav brought back a ray or two of th long-lost sunshine that the wor may never see again.

KENNETH GOULDTHORP

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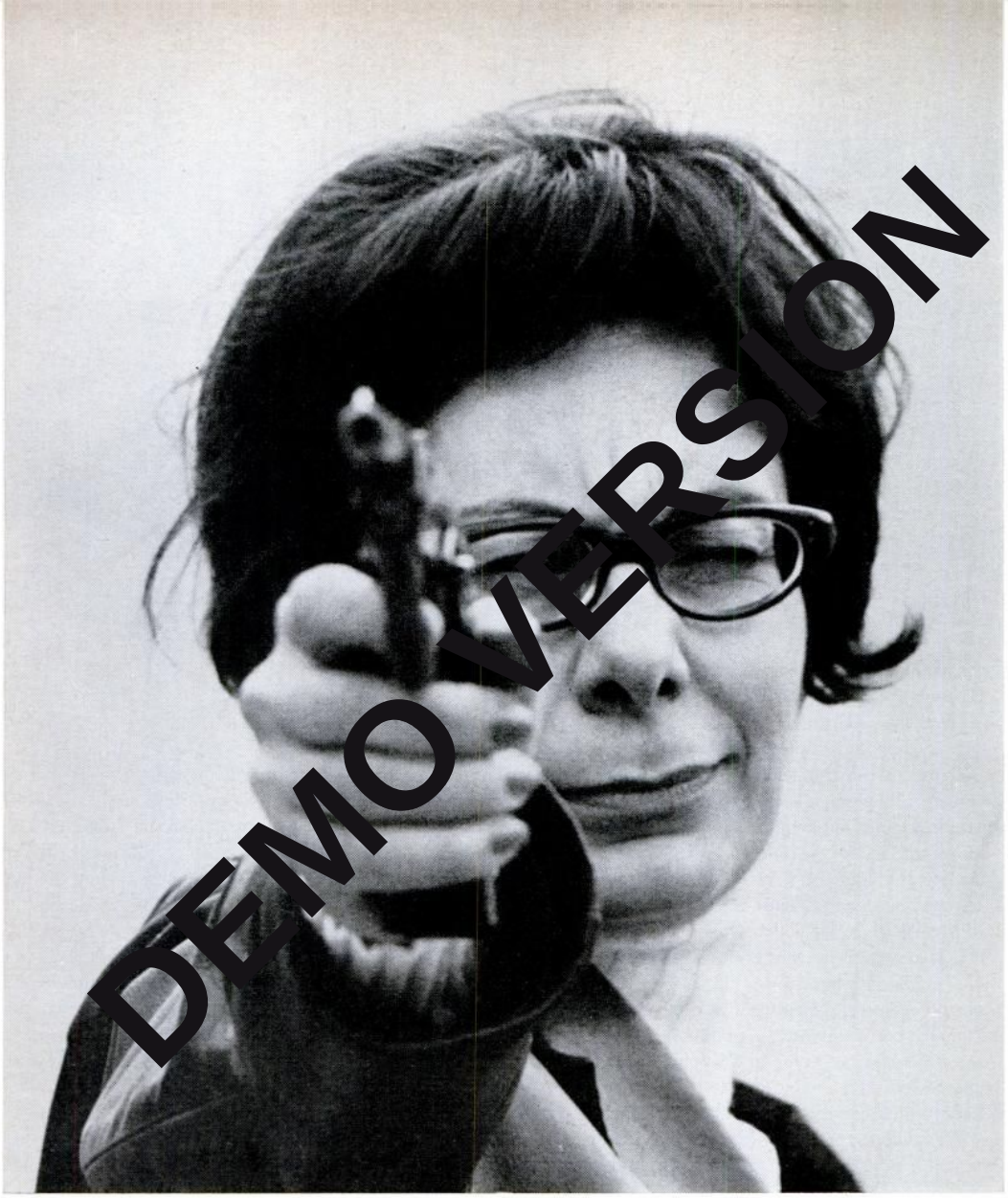

DEMO VERSION

Roman anthropologist Gabriella Parca (left, above), *an amateur pistol shot, takes as the human targets of her new book,* The Sultans, *such self-satisfied male Italians as the two shown here.*

Lady author draws a bead on a male myth

'Italian Men Are Lousy Lovers'

by JORDAN BONFANTE

One of the most venerable international myths—celebrated ad nauseam in song, legend and literature—is that of the Italian lover. As he is represented in popular fable and fashion, the Italian man overflows with passion and charm; he has a unique aptitude for the arts of applied *amore*, a special link with the secrets of romance, a profound understanding of woman.

Casanova tiptoeing nimbly toward conquest in a boudoir. Valentino melting the female heart with his irresistibly liquid eyes. Rossano Brazzi speaking softly of love requited in scenic Venice. These are the visions that make schoolgirls sigh and tourist buses roll toward Italy. There is nothing, of course, dearer to the Italian heart than this whole myth about Italian men, and obviously it is perpetuated most of all by the Italian men themselves.

Actually, what is needed, what the Italian man deserves is a dramatist forthright enough to portray Casanova stumbling against the bedpost in the dark, Valentino flunking the top line of an eye-chart and being fitted with thick spectacles, and Rossano Brazzi falling with a splash into the Grand Canal as he leans closer with adoring whispers. Short of such pratfalls, however, a daring author now has done the next-best thing.

A book just published in Italy fearlessly exposes the sham of the Italian man, ridiculing his amorous posturings and exploding his high-flying myth. Its unequivocal verdict: the Latin lover is nothing but a louse. The book speaks with considerable authority, for who could be better qualified to pass judgment on the Italian man than an Italian woman?

The fearless author is a Roman female named Gabriella Parca, and her book, titled *The Sultans*, minces no words: "The Italian man is

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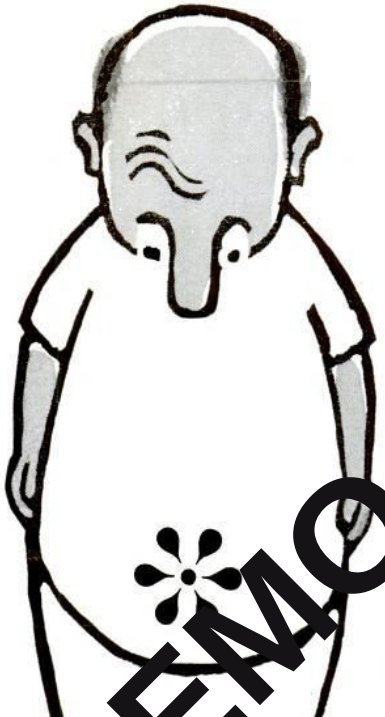

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ITALIAN MEN
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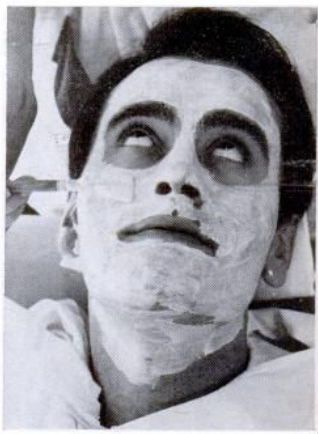

They are vain rascals," says Gabriella Parca. In Rome's new Male Beauty Parlor, Paolo Pavia, a photographer, gets a facial (above) *and has hairnet fitted.*

actually cold and callo[us] because he is afraid of deep [in]volv[e]nt . . . he doesn't love a [wo]man, but all women. Th[e] very sensitive to feminine charms, he is unlikely to fall to[o] deeply in love, because he does not want a woman for what she is, but only for what she can g[ive] him. . . . Sure of his own virility, he needs many women. . . . In essence, he has the soul, or the complexities, of a sultan . . ." (And turning the knife, she adds that even in physical love, he tends to fail, because he is too selfish.)

These are not the facile opinions of a worldly woman speaking from personal experience. Gabriella Parca would be the last to consider herself any kind of *femme fatale.* Though petite and feminine, and adorned with a perfectly respectable Mediterranean figure (37-27-37), she is a studious journalist-anthropologist—and a spinster at 35. Though convivial and vivacious, she is far more at home in a Rome university seminar than on the Via Veneto mixing with the playboys.

The Sultans, a detached sociological study, is a Kinsey-like report on the sexual behavior of the Italian male—a knotty and challenging field of study for any seeker after truth, whether sociologist or biologist. The book is based on a survey of 1,018 men between 20 and 50 years old, carefully cross-sectioned by age, social level and regional habitat. As the first Kinsey reports did in the U.S., many of Miss Parca's findings have provoked a loud buzz of controversy, and a popular new parlor topic throughout Italy.

According to the book, 66% of the men interviewed believe it is important to marry a virgin.

75% condemn, or have reservations about, a woman who has sexual relations before marriage.

On the other hand, 71% admitted to consorting with prostitutes.

51% of the married men commit adultery.

And while they're at it, 67% are in favor of introducing divorce in Italy, where it is now outlawed.

Besides demonstrating a high degree of general hanky-panky, these facts indicate a deplorable contradiction in the Italian man's behavior. His double-standard—by which the man can do as he pleases but woe be upon the impure woman—is blatantly unfair, Miss Parca says. It relegates the woman to the position of an inferior "object."

Though such intimate statistics and outspoken views are by now thoroughly familiar in the U.S. and northern Europe, they are still novel and provocative subjects in old-fashioned Catholic Italy. Understandably, Gabriella Parca has become an academic Joan of Arc among the women in many quarters for so courageously attacking their wicked husbands. To the infuriated sultans she is not only a *bête noire,* but what's worse, a female. What could *she* know about anything?

"Since my book was published, everyone wants to argue with me," says Gabriella. "Everywhere I go the men want to straighten me out." On the street, in the cafes, the men confront her with arguments that seem self-evident to them. One day recently at the Spanish Steps, a favorite spot for strollers and loiterers not far from her house, a full 20 Italians gathered around the bespectacled little authoress to straighten her out. Some looked like caricatures out of the book. There was a young, girl-chasing *pappagallo* with coat draped rakishly over his shoulders, the taciturn Sicilian regarding this "liberated woman" with dark suspicion, the aging roué with mustache and a flair he believes will render him everlastingly irresistible.

Whether they were indignant or patronizing—and whether or not they had read the book—her critics' counterargument was often the same: Nonsense. Men and women are simply different. Woman's place is at home raising the family. And what's all the fuss about, anyway, since essentially that's the way the women themselves like it?

Fond of a good argument, Gabriella Parca delights in combating these entrenched Italian attitudes tooth, nail and typewriter. And she has abided by her convictions in her personal life. She has never married because, she says, she just won't have a sultan for a husband.

"I want a man who does not tell me that the only profession for a woman is that of wife," she explains. "If I ever marry an Italian he will certainly have to be different from the majority."

Therefore Gabriella Parca lives her quiet, independent life alone, in a book-lined three-room apartment in one of Rome's mildly artistic quarters. She much prefers the company of a Dane, an American or an Englishman to that of any local louse.

As a modern woman, Gabriella loves gadgets and machines, but she has difficulty mastering them. To insure that she won't miss a long gabfest with one of the girls while out of the house, she is the proud owner of an automatic recorder-answering device. But the instrument frequently shuts off before the caller can record her message. And when driving her cluttered Fiat sedan, she is likely to stay in second gear—that is, if she gets the car started at all.

Her heroic role in the battle of the sexes may have some root in her home-town tradition. Gabriella

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It's a tape recorder.
It uses a quick loading cartridge that plays for 1 hour.
It's battery-operated.
It's compact. (shown actual size)
It's solid-state.

It's the Wollensak 4100.

The new Wollensak Cordless Cartridge Tape Recorder is loaded for business, school or pleasure. It's battery-operated for complete portability — record a business meeting, a classroom lecture, an interview or the fun of your next party. Compact cartridges load instantly . . . no threading necessary. □ So easy to use — just snap in a cartridge and turn it on. One 4-position switch controls the entire operation. □ Remote control lets you start or stop the recorder from a microphone switch. □ Solid-state for reliability and instant warmup. □ VU meter tells the correct recording level and condition of batteries. □ High efficiency speaker offers remarkable reproduction. □ Constant speed capstan drive: 1⅞ IPS. □ 2-track operation for one hour of recording. □ Built for rugged dependability. □ Only three pounds. □ Complete with carrying case, microphone, three SCOTCH® Brand Magnetic Tape cartridges and batteries. See it in action at your Wollensak dealer's. **Wollensak 3M COMPANY**

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CONTINUED

was born in the Sabine region north of Rome, a site famous for the rape of the Sabine women. Could she bear a primordial, prenatal grudge of some sort?

No, she says emphatically. She suspects, rather, that her role can be partly explained as an early reaction to her strictly religious small-town family. They gave her a conservative education, sending her to traditionalist nuns' schools in the foggy little city of Riete. Later they packed her off to Rome to enroll in the university and to fulfill her dream of becoming a journalist, an ambition she had harbored since the age of 5.

By day she attended classes at the university and at night she worked on the police beat for a Rome daily newspaper. Desk sergeants and jailers were startled at first at the sight of the bookish young lady police reporter—all five feet four of her—seeking details about frauds and rapes. But she proved herself with her first scoop, a story from inside Rome's central prison during a convicts' rebellion. Gabriella managed to work her way inside by posing as the daughter of one of the prison's functionaries. Once there, she was discovered as an impostor, but it was unsafe to expel her.

Since then she has conducted a lovelorn column and written many articles and books. Early last year she went after those 1,018 men. She was well trained for the job since she is a member of the Center for Cultural Anthropology at the University of Rome. First she consulted with statisticians and psychologists to determine the kind of sample to be interviewed and the contents of her long questionnaire. Then she and a female assistant embarked on the survey. For six months, in Gabriella's Fiat loaded to the gunwales with baggage and tape recorders, they journeyed throughout Italy.

Naturally, the incorrigible subjects chased after the interviewers. "They courted us. They made propositions. That's the way it is in Italy," Gabriella recalls.

In a north Italian town one ardent gentleman (Age, 40; Occupation, municipal official; Education, commercial diploma; Marital status, celibate; Religion, Catholic, nonpracticing) made a tireless effort to gain the favors of Gabriella's colleague. "He followed her all over town. He invited her to go dancing. He even tried proposing. She couldn't wait to get out of that town." In all it took 8,000 miles and countless spools of recorded tape to unmask the Italian man.

Recently Gabriella Parca conducted part of a typical interview especially for LIFE. The anonymous subject was a respectable man-about-Rome (Age, 40; Occupation, professional level; Education, *lycée* diploma; Marital status, celibate; Religion, Catholic, nonpracticing).

GABRIELLA: When did you learn the facts about sex?

SUBJECT: When I was 8 years old from the other boys. But at 7 I was already aware that my little girl cousin was somehow different. At 11 I became interested.

GABRIELLA: When did you first experience sexual act, with what sort of woman, and what were the circumstances?

SUBJECT: At 14, with a friend of mine, who was 16, in the fields.

GABRIELLA: What impression did you retain, a pleasant one?

SUBJECT: Not only pleasant, but formidable. For days afterward I thought about it and told my friends. It was marvelous.

GABRIELLA: Did you go to have relations with prostitutes in "houses of tolerance"?

SUBJECT: Yes, there was a period when I went with the other boys.

GABRIELLA: Have you ever been in love?

SUBJECT: Yes, I fell in love twice in the past. In both cases it was platonic. I went with other women instead.

GABRIELLA: Do you have a woman, a mistress, today?

SUBJECT: Yes, six regular ones here in Rome. Then I also have two—let's see, three—elsewhere for when I travel.

GABRIELLA: What do you look for in a woman?

SUBJECT: Physical attraction turns you toward her first, of course. Nice legs, flanks. Then the taste gets more refined. A great-looking girl can disappoint you. You can't talk about anything. She is empty. There is no dialogue. So today I look for personality above all.

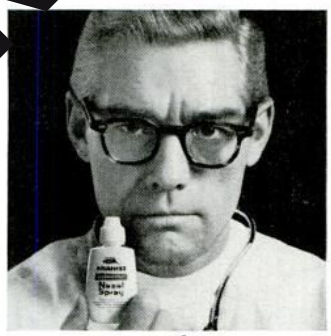
GABRIELLA: What qualities of personality attract you to a woman?

SUBJECT: At times I believe I would want the classic "wife," a tender and cute homebody. On the other hand I need a wild animal, who doesn't care about other people, about comments, a woman without complexes. But as an Italian man I could not logically marry such a

CONTINUED

DEMO VERSION

At last



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For heavy congestion . . . dial 1 on the new Super Anahist Spray! It adjusts the amount of medication to the degree of congestion you suffer, as a Doctor does with his prescriptions. With the extra medication, you get instant nasal-sinus relief. Relief of pain and irritation, too. Helps you breathe easy for hours.

Dial 2 for mild congestion. Again, as a Doctor would do, the Dial adjusts the dosage. Same medically proved ingredients—but in a finer mist spray! Decongestant, antihistamine, antimicrobial, mucolytic . . . a clinical-strength formula no other spray offers! New Super Anahist Dial-Controlled Nasal Spray! Mentholated or regular!

Super Anahist–First with a Special Dial for Heavy Congestion

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DEMO VERSION

The Couth Vermouth

To make a truly civilized Martini, don't stir without Noilly Prat. Admirably subtle. Correctly pale. And *dry* as only a French vermouth can be. Show you know your Martinis by using Noilly Prat. The couth vermouth.

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

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A libertine's fear: a cuckold's horns

woman. Which is why I am still a bachelor at 40.

GABRIELLA: Why couldn't you marry such a woman?

SUBJECT: Because of obvious dangers. You know that in the 24 hours of any woman there exists that instant when she can fall, if you work it right. If you have exploited that fact yourself, as I have, you know. So what is the result if you marry? Horns [of a cuckold].

GABRIELLA: What is this great worry about horns?

SUBJECT: Horns are annoying!

GABRIELLA: But isn't that preoccupation sometimes a prejudice that . . .

SUBJECT: No! It's a way of life!

At the end of the interview Gabriella asked the subject if he considered himself a tireless ladies' man and uncontrollable sensualist, as his answers seemed to indicate. "Well, yes . . . I guess that's just the way I am," he said with an angelic shrug of modest helplessness.

Afterwards Gabriella was asked if she believed everything the man had told her. "Of course not, hardly a word," she replied.

Those 1,018 men never really had a chance. When Gabriella Parca got through with them, there they stood for all to see: poseur peacocks with nothing but braggadocio where their hearts should be. It cannot be denied that the vanity of the Italian man has gone entire too far, and it only serves him rig if in some cases it can even land fellow in jail.

That actually happened in Rome railroad station just last mont A young Italian, especially co scious of his appearance, stepp into the automatic photomachine have his picture taken. When t photos came out, he was furiou "*Ma io sono bello!*" he scream angrily, "but I am handsome!" A in his fury at the betrayal of t machine, he proceeded to kick fiercely, again and again.

He was still kicking it when policeman ran over to arrest hi for damaging the machine. To ju tify his act, the young man bra dished the horrible pictures at t policeman, and he was still shou ing *Ma io sono bello!* as he w sternly dragged away.

By Gabriella Parca's reckonin merely to arrest a popinjay of su vainglorious proportions is to c ress him. Instead, one should h the Sultan where it hurts: sma his mirror, break his comb, she off his locks. When he looks perfect mess, *then* put him in t photomachine. That's the id place to set the trap—a Narci sus pool of deep, boiling olive o

At party celebrating publicatio of The Sultans, *Miss Parca discusses readers' reactions with her publisher, Domenico Porzio* (right) *and Professor Nicola Perro a Rome psychiatrist.*

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Protect your family with the precious gift of a peaceful night's sleep—every night. General Electric Sleep-Guard blankets provide the warmth without weight...comfort so necessary for restful sleep. You're secure in the knowledge that every blanket is guaranteed safe by the General Electric Company. So safe, you can wash it in your washing machine, dry it in your dryer.

You'll relax at once, knowing you can doze off in protected comfort. The entire blanket is protected by a continuous temperature sensor, plus a patented temperature control system. That means you are assured of even warmth and protection against the results of overheating anywhere in the blanket. Compact control case more rugged, more dependable than ever.

Don't buy on price alone...safeguard your family with a General Electric Sleep-Guard blanket. Available in four sizes...twin, double, king and new queen size. Fashion colors, exciting rich hues and delicate pastels. Look for this sign of security on the blanket you buy...Sleep-Guard.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division,
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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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Plymouth Fury

DEMO VERSION

Our 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty* gives the '66 Plymouth Fury a new kind of beauty.

Lasting beauty.

*Here's how Plymouth's 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty protects you: Chrysler Corporation confidently warrants all of the following vital parts of its 1966 cars for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material and workmanship will be replaced or repaired at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excepting manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential and rear wheel bearings. Required maintenance: The following maintenance services are required under the warranty— change engine oil every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Let yourself go... Plymouth

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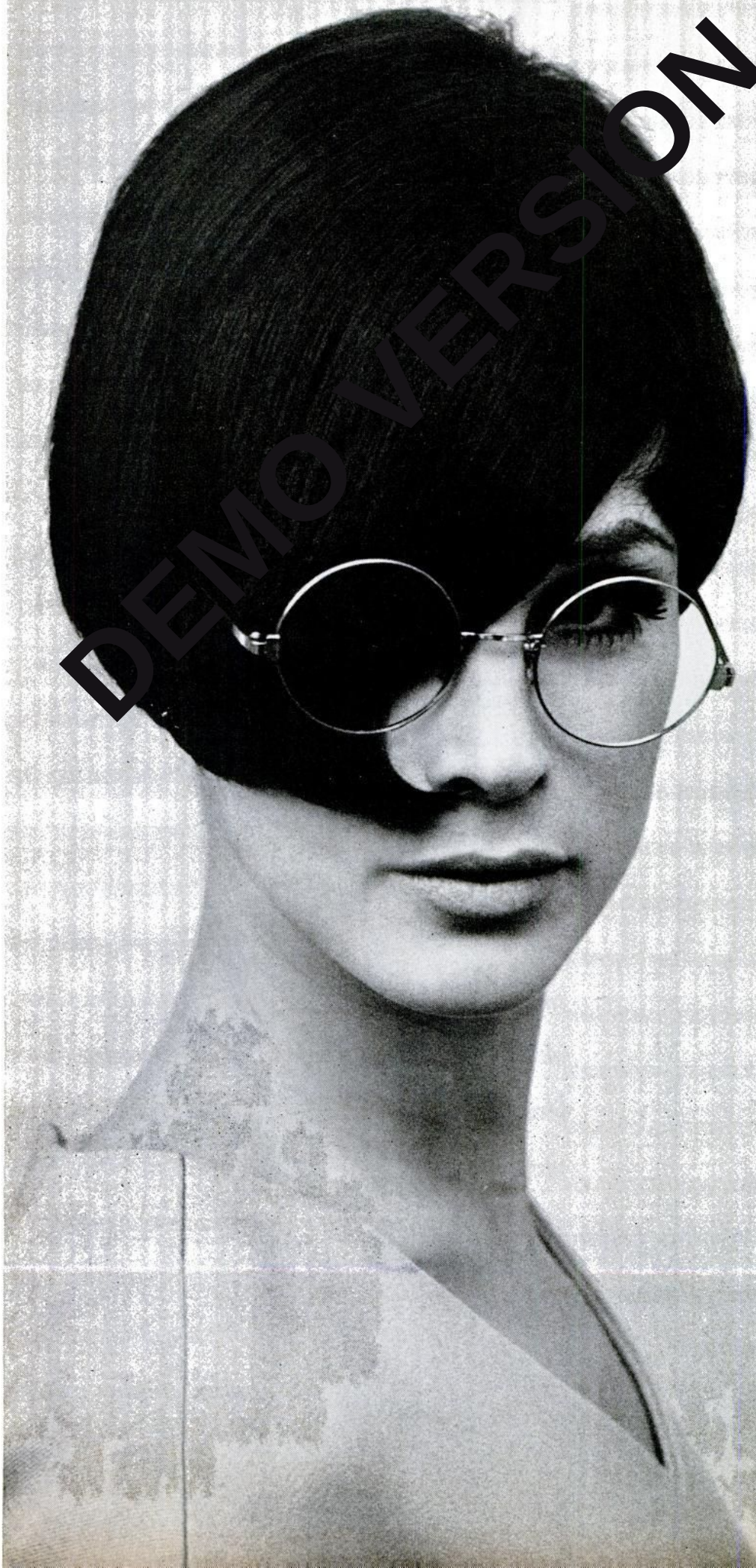
DEMO VERSION

Specs To Be Seen In, Not Through



In spite of what used to be said about girls and glasses, old-fashioned specs are now the most new-fashioned of accessories. It really doesn't matter whether you need to wear glasses. It doesn't even matter whether the frames have lenses in them. What matters is that the glasses look downright owlish. They can be authentic antiques searched out in junk shops and enterprising boutiques or they can be modern copies like these metal framed circles from Lugene ($15). The one thing they absolutely don't have to be is functional. Looking to the future, Jacques Tiffeau, a top avant-garde designer who for several seasons has accessorized his clothes with eyeglasses, says: "Maybe the next thing will be hearing aids."

Wear them Ben's way—on the tip of the nose

DEMO VERSION

The way to wear eyeglasses is down at the end of the nose—especially the small, better-to-peer-over kind that Benjamin Franklin used to wear—though he invented bifocals to avoid all that. There are several variations of the Franklin style. Nancy White (*above*), the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, has an authentic pair, which she keeps in an antique case originally used for snuff. Patty Harrison (*above, right*), flanked by two other Tiffeau models, has the lozenge shape outlined with modern black frames. Tiffeau himself prefers the round, starker shape the other two girls wear. The blond teen-ager (*right*) is wearing a modern copy, complete with metal rims and clear glass lenses which she found at Gimbels. Teen-agers are going wild for old-fashioned spectacles. They even buy them with colored lenses as sunglasses.

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Try something different for a change
Turn to Salem
for a taste that's
Springtime Fresh
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RJR
Salem
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Rich tobacco taste · Menthol soft flavor
Try Salem filter cigarettes
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In 'Skyscraper,' Julie Harris makes a hit as a dreamer amid the din

DEMO VERSION

Broadway Builds a High-rising Musical

Some shows never get off the ground, but *Skyscraper*, a vertiginous new musical about high-rise construction and a girl with an edifice complex, rarely comes down to earth. An updating of Elmer Rice's 1945 *Dream Girl*, it is set in, on and around the realistic framework of a building going up in Manhattan and the air is full of swinging booms, flying rivets and Julie Harris. Kneeling on the bed at left in her first musical, Miss Harris portrays a skyscraper-hating female Walter Mitty who daydreams (and nightdreams) about men as the builders throw up their structure around her little house. The stage architecture, Sammy Cahn-Jimmy Van Heusen tunes and angular choreography by Michael Kidd all make a highly entertaining evening. Miss Harris' own architecture is a happy surprise. The men in her dreams all praise her magnificent calves and thighs. The audiences love all of her.

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DEMO VERSION

As the antique-shop owner who refuses to sell her house to make way for the skyscraper, Miss Harris suffers greater harassment than any since she played Joan of Arc in *The Lark*. Some of it is provided by the leading man, Peter L. Marshall, an architect in the builders' employ, who at one point enters her third-floor room via crane.

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Love has a r[illegible] sweet and stirring,
and yours to tr[illegible]sur[illegible] your engagement diamond,
joy[illegible]g at your first enchantment,
will li[illegible]t t[illegible]e mysterious ways to deeper happiness,
life enriched with
sharing, understanding
...a diamond
is forever.

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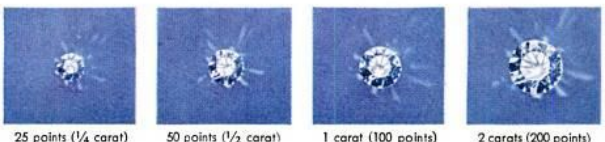
Magical Moment . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Michel Rodde

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



25 points (1/4 carat) $80 to $275 | 50 points (1/2 carat) $225 to $625 | 1 carat (100 points) $625 to $2000 | 2 carats (200 points) $1200 to $6000

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND

Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine quality, contribute to beauty and value. Choose a fine stone and you'll always be proud of it. Diamond sizes are measured in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges, above, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1965. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered.

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The glamorous life of a stewardess

This is a non-public appearance of a United Air Lines stewardess. United "invented" the airline stewardess back in 1930 to make air travel a little easier for our first customers.

In those days the specifications were: Registered nurse, not over 25 years of age, weighing 115 lbs. or less, not over five feet four inches tall.

This made sense because these petite first ladies of the air had to squeeze their way through narrow aisles serving up thermos jugs of hot coffee and reassuring smiles to a nervous new flying public.

Today you don't have to be a registered nurse, or under 115 lbs., or five feet four inches tall.

But, you *do* have to know how to put "extra care" in action: soothe a first-time flyer, relax a tired businessman, quiet a baby, or laugh with a child.

Our stewardesses go through tough competition for their wings. Only one applicant in 30 makes it.

We have the finest flock of stewardesses in the airline business. And the largest: 2,754 smiling reasons why it's a friendly sky when you fly United.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"She's going to make someone a great wife."

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Always under his father's eye, Art Tokle Jr. gets a wobbly ski initiation at 18 months (*far left*), progresses through schoolboy competition at 12 (*left*) and continues at Lake Placid (*below*), now a winning jumper at 16.

JUNIOR JUMPS INTO THE FAMILY ACT

DEMO VERSION

Art Tokle Jr. learned to ski under special circumstances. He began as soon as he was old enough to toddle and he was tutored by the best coach around—his own father. Art Sr., who coaches the U.S. ski-jumping team, twice made the Olympic team himself. Art Sr.'s older brother Torger was America's first great ski jumper before he was killed in action in World War II. Now comes Art Jr. to keep up the family tradition.

Unlike his father and uncle, who grew up on the snowy mountainsides of Norway, Art Jr. was born in Brooklyn and lives in a New Jersey suburb, where his jumping is limited mostly to winter weekends. The first time Art Jr. climbed a scaffold jump—he was barely 11—he got scared and climbed right down again. The family didn't worry about it. "Good champions have to grow slowly," his mother said, "the way a flower does." A year later he went up the scaffold and jumped right off. Now at 16 he has won more than 30 prizes, including the junior division of the Torger Tokle Memorial at Bear Mountain three times running.

CONTINUED

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NOW SMILE

See how it gently brightens your teeth or dentures. Feel how it freshens your mouth and breath. Consider that bicarbonate of soda is recognized as a good cleansing dentifrice in literature of the American Dental Association. And think of the money it saves. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda always leaves you smiling, whether you brush with it, use it as a mouthwash and gargle, take it to relieve heartburn, or mix it with lemon juice to fight a cold. Now in moisture-resistant box that still sells for pennies.

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Every litter bit hurts

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

COUGH?

get fast, effective help from coughs of Common Colds

Creo-Terpin®

Creo-Terpin's special ingredients give continuing symptomatic relief to help

.. soothe throat irritations due to colds

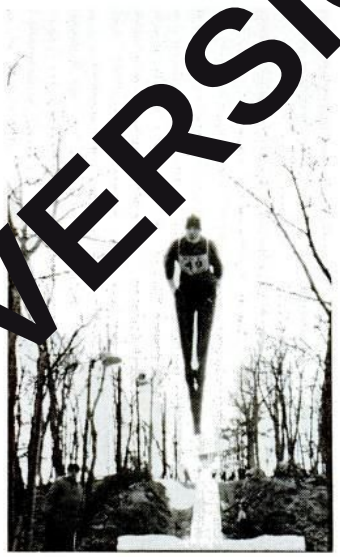
.. subdue associated cough of colds

.. loosen congestion in chest, nose and throat that result from a cold

Creo-Turpin ... *the cough syrup used by millions for over 63 years*

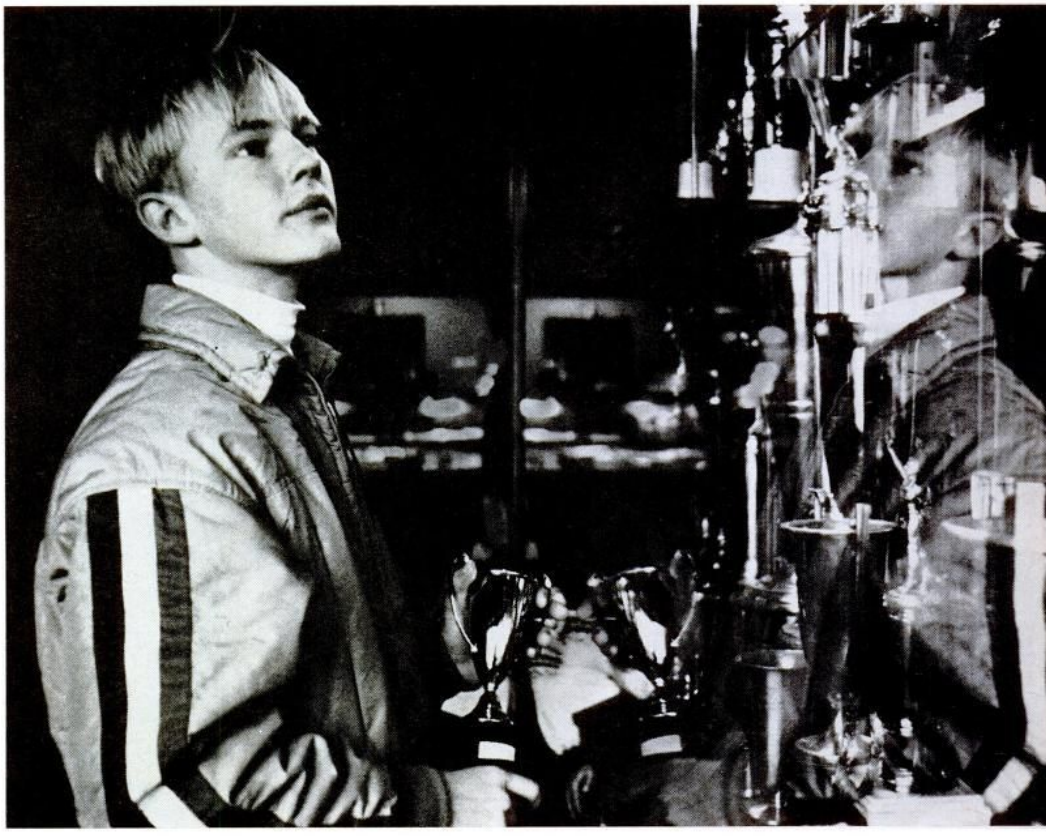
HE WINS AN EVENT NAMED FOR UNCLE TORGER

DEMO VERSION



Jumping in junior division of Tokle Memorial, Art Jr. takes off at Bear Mountain and soars 121 feet to win.

Holding cup he has just won, Art Jr. looks at his uncle Torger's collected trophies on display at Bear Mountain. "My parents don't pressure me," he says, "but because my name is Tokle, other people expect me to be great."



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Now he's saying good-bye...

Tonight he'll come home by Long Distance

It's the next best thing to being there.
Try it next trip and you'll see.

Bell System
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Portland, Ore. to New York	$2.00	$1.50	$1.00
New Orleans to Minneapolis	$1.50	$1.05	$ .75
Hartford to Louisville	$1.40	$1.00	$ .70
Milwaukee to Charlotte, N.C.	$1.35	$ .95	$ .65
Baltimore to Newark	$ .70	$ .55*	$ .55*

Three-minute, station-to-station interstate rates. Not including tax.
*Note: There is no difference between evening and night rates on interstate calls less than 221 miles.

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DEMO VERSION

ORTHOPEDICS A GO-GO

Hail the indomitable human spirit. Neither bruise nor buffet nor common sense has ever deterred man from climbing right back into the driver's seat. What especially pained Edward Barbee of Columbia, Mo. though, was having to answer all of those questions. Yes, he broke the leg while riding his motorcycle—collided with an automobile, in fact. No, it's not easy to operate a two-wheeler with one leg in a cast. It still beats walking, although if, like Barbee, you happened to make your living by selling motorcycles, it certainly did make it harder to persuade potential customers.

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DEMO VERSION

Tip a canoe and kersplash for you when you race over hurdles in New Zealand

1 **"One wrong move** in a tippy Maori dugout canoe and over you go," writes Gordon Reber, friend of Canadian Club. "After days of practice on New Zealand's Waikato River, I was sure I'd mastered the tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF 'CANADIAN CLUB' WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2 **"We surged forward** from the starting mark. Stroke for stroke I matched my opponents as we swept down the swift stream. For a few triumphant moments, I was sure I would win. Then the hurdle loomed ahead.

3 **"I paddled furiously** to clear the obstacle. The other canoe glided over. But mine hit the hurdle a glancing blow. In a flash I was floundering in the water!

4 **"My friends took me ashore** to a local tavern for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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What makes Viceroy the right one?

DEMO VERSION

Only Viceroy's got the filter for the taste that's right!

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